

JANUARY

No. 9

10¢

CRACK COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL
EPISODE OF
THE CLOCK IN
THIS
ISSUE



THE BLACK CONDOR



ALIAS THE SPIDER



JANE ARDEN



THE RED TORPEDO





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

JANUARY

No. 9

10¢

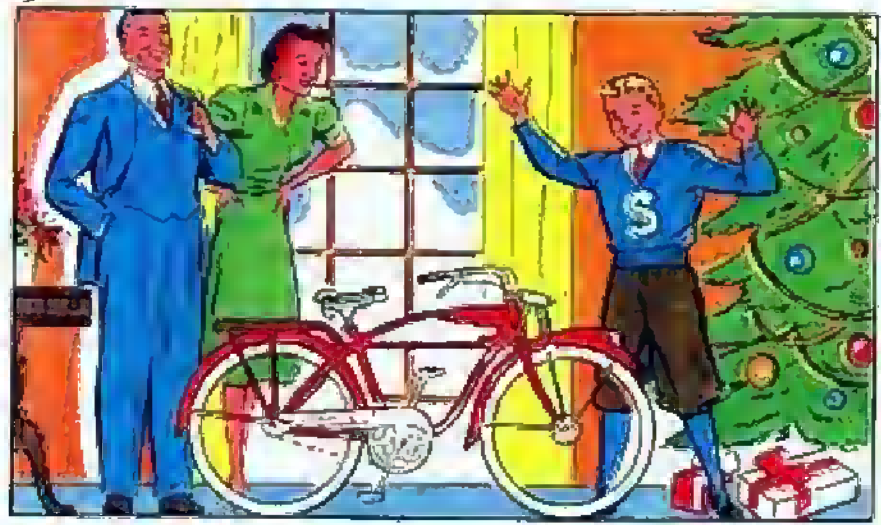
CRACK

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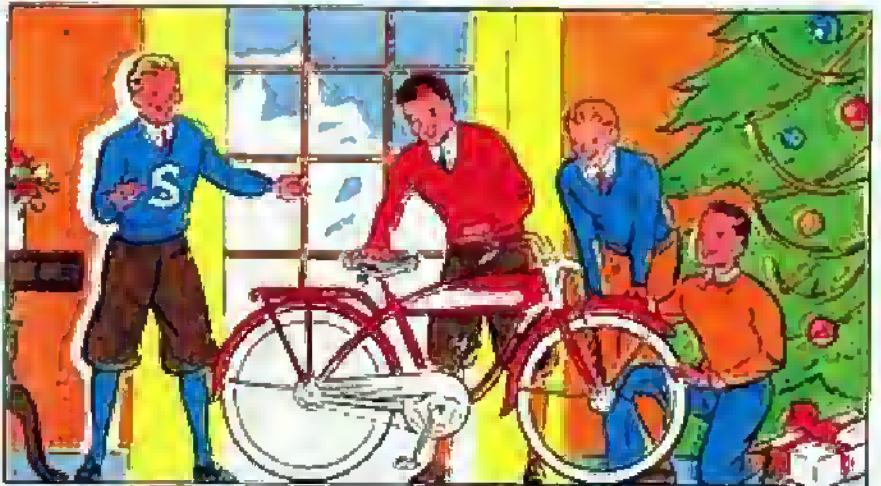
B rings 'em running from all directions
—the Bike that's first in boys' affections!



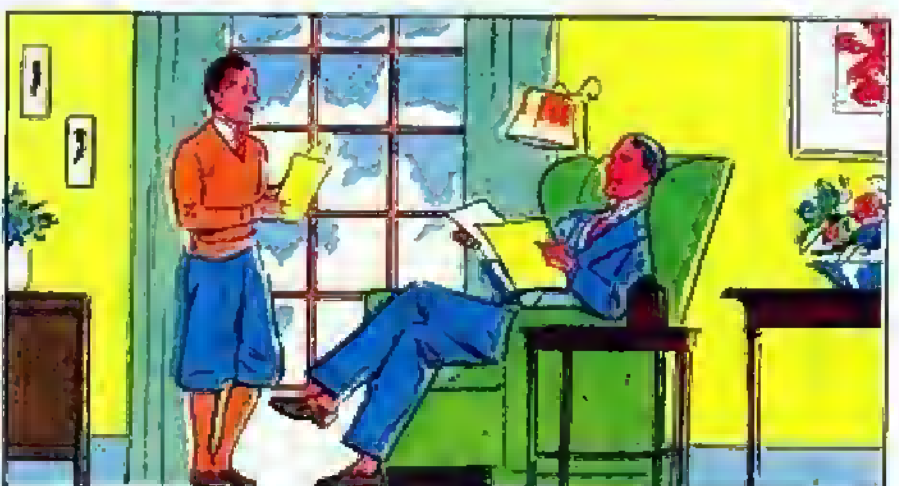
Dad and Mom spring a real surprise!
Give Son the bike that draws all eyes.



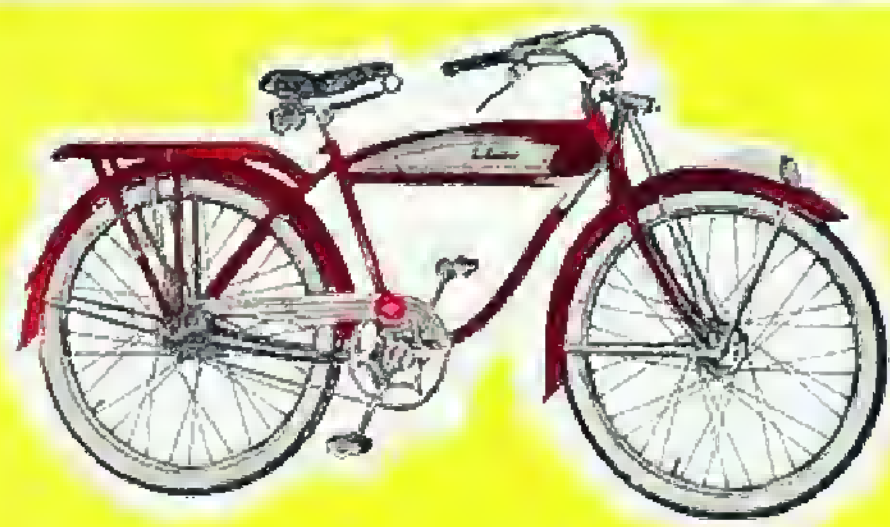
Soon the gang has heard the clamor,
Comes, wide-eyed, to shout and stammer.



Lucky boy shows its speed and grace,
Makes you happy, to watch his race!



Gang disperses . . . show is through.
"Pop—can't I have a Schwinn Bike too?"



See this streamlined beauty! One of 34 American
and foreign-type models. Dozens of beautiful colors.



SCHWINN BICYCLES
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ★

GIVE your youngster a Schwinn-Built bicycle this Christmas, and the whole neighborhood's in on it! These famous bicycles are beautiful. Strong and graceful as a whippet! And every boy who sees all Schwinn's exclusive features . . . who tries that Spring Fork smoothness, that Fore Wheel Brake's safety . . . is going to beg for one of his own.

He should get it! There's no fun like riding—no bicycle like Schwinn. The *only* bicycle with a written *life-time guarantee* for every one of the 34 models. Schwinn-Built bicycles have 60 years of building experience behind them. Send today for illustrated booklet. Then see these bicycles at your dealer's. . . . **Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1733 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago.**

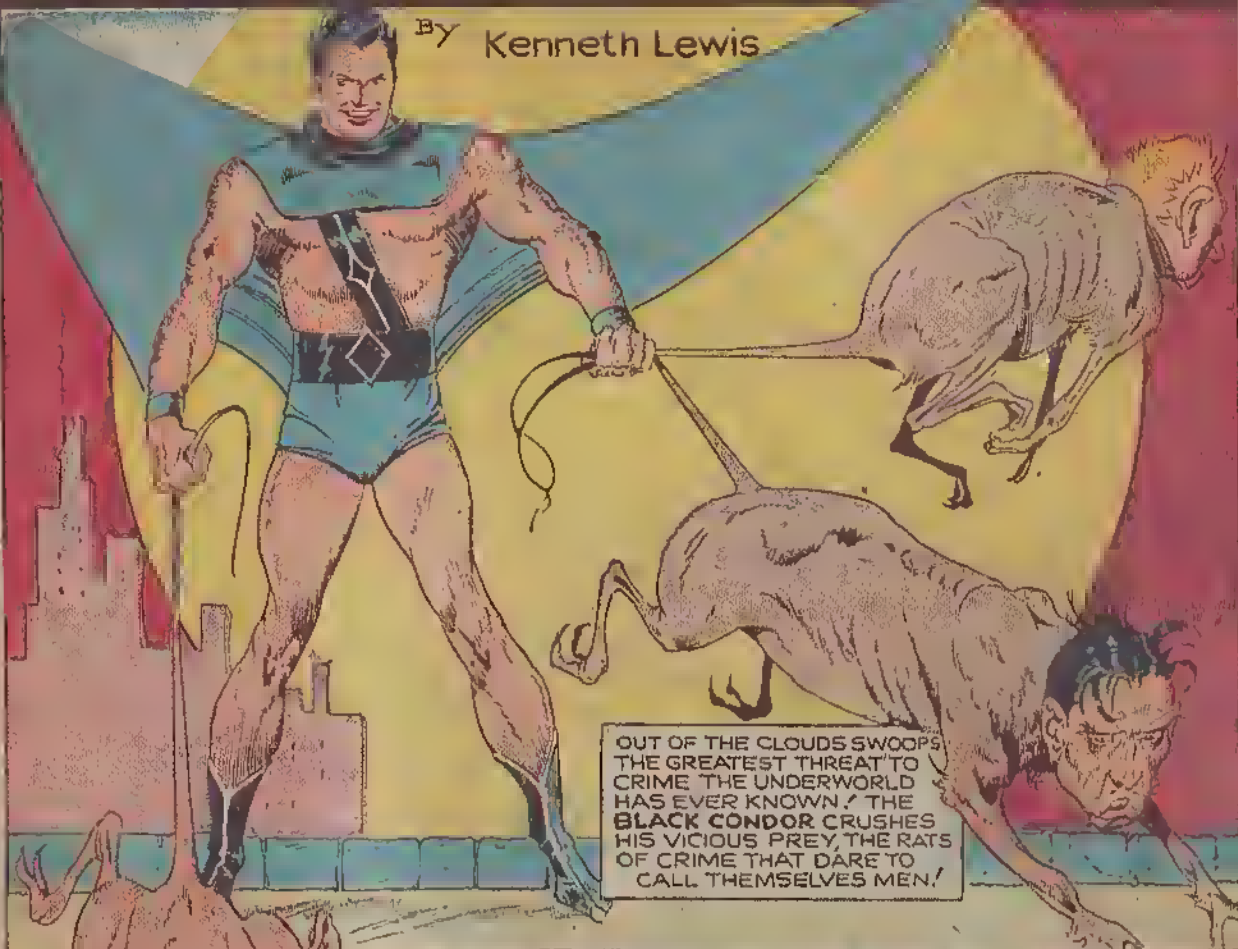
ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1733 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill
Please send me your free booklet about Schwinn Built bicycles.

Name
Street
City

CRACK COMICS, January, 1941, No. 9. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 1213 W. 12nd St., Cleveland, Ohio. Executive and Editorial offices, Garley Building, 222 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Edward Cronin, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter March 11, 1940, at the Post Office, Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Marthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1940 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

THE BLACK CONDOR

By Kenneth Lewis



OUT OF THE CLOUDS SWOOPS THE GREATEST THREAT TO CRIME THE UNDERWORLD HAS EVER KNOWN! THE **BLACK CONDOR** CRUSHES HIS VICIOUS PREY, THE RATS OF CRIME THAT DARE TO CALL THEMSELVES MEN!

THROUGH THE HEAVY MIST OF THE WATERFRONT, THE BLACK CONDOR WATCHES A LONE, DEJECTED WANDERER...



OUT OF THE FOG SPRINGS ANOTHER FIGURE, PONCING ON THE FIRST FROM BEHIND.



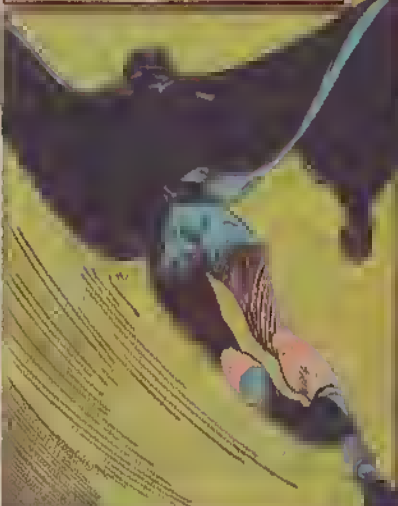
DURING THE SILENT STRUGGLE
A MURDEROUS KNIFE IS WHIPPED
INTO PLAY...



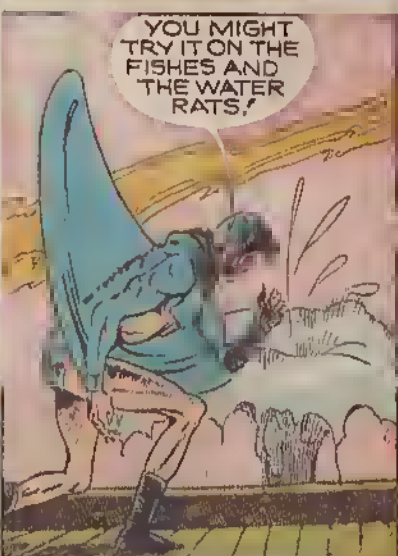
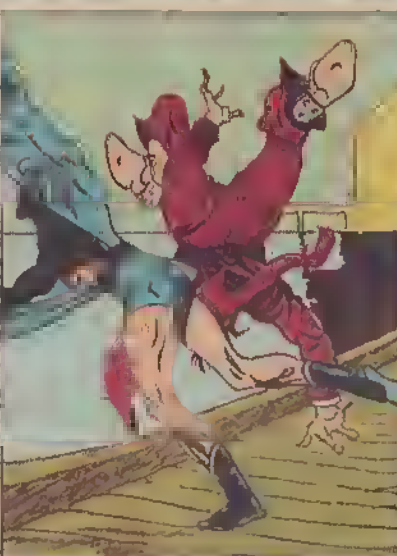
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLADE
FLASHES DOWN... A SHRILL CRY
IS MUFFLED BY A STRONG HAND.



BEFORE LONG, THE BLACK
CONDOR SWOOPS TO THE
SCENE...



MURDER
IS AN UGLY
BUSINESS,
MISTER!



YOU MIGHT
TRY IT ON THE
FISHES AND
THE WATER
RATS!



THIS POOR VICTIM IS NOT DEAD...
BUT BADLY
WOUNDED...

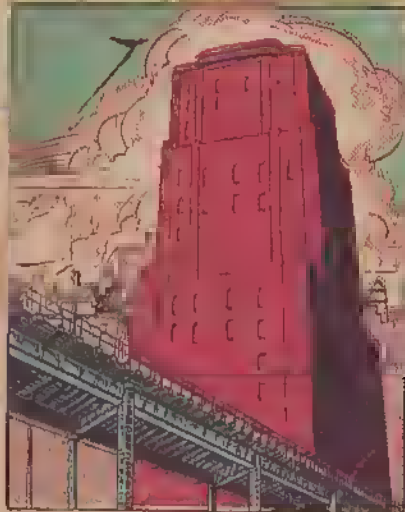


HE'LL NEED
IMMEDIATE
AID...



INTO THE RED CITY NIGHT
SOARS THE BLACK
CONDOR
WITH HIS BURDEN...

THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL
LOOMS INTO VIEW.....



I'LL SKIP
FORMALITIES
AND ENTER
VIA A TOP
WINDOW.



WELL, NURSE...
DON'T STAND THERE
GAPING...DO SOME-
THING! GET A DOCTOR.
THIS MAN'S BEEN
STABBED.

ER...EH..
YES,
SIR.



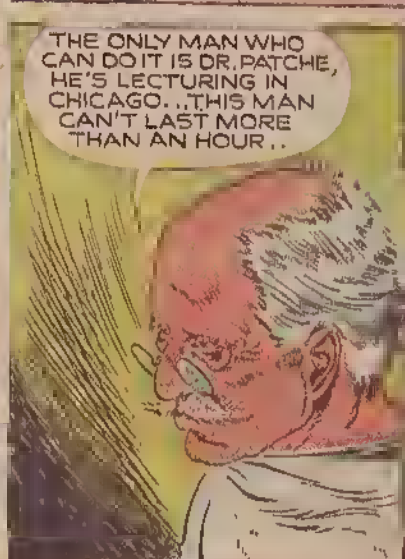
VERY CRITICAL...
HMM...VERY CRITICAL
INDEED.. I'M AFRAID WE
HAVEN'T THE FACILITIES
AT HAND TO SAVE
- HIM... LUNGS ALL
SLASHED TO
BITS...



BUT THERE MUST
BE SOME WAY...
SOMEONE WHO
COULD...



THE ONLY MAN WHO
CAN DO IT IS DR. PATCHE,
HE'S LECTURING IN
CHICAGO...THIS MAN
CAN'T LAST MORE
THAN AN HOUR..



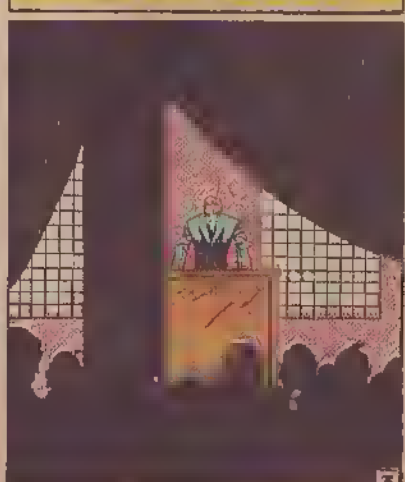
CHICAGO, YOU SAY?
STAY RIGHT THERE,
DOC, I'LL BE BACK
IN A LITTLE WHILE!



I HOPE
DR. PATCHE
WON'T MIND
AN
INTERRUPTION



IN CHICAGO, THE EMINENT
SURGEON AND LUNG
SPECIALIST LECTURES TO
A DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE..



EVERY DAY WE DISCOVER AMAZING NEW FACTS... UNBELIEVABLE MIRACLES OF SCIENCE OCCUR IN OUR LABORATORIES...OUR POWER IS ALMOST LIMITLESS!



AT THAT INSTANT ANOTHER UNBELIEVABLE MIRACLE OCCURS IN THE LECTURE HALL DEFYING GRAVITY, THE DOCTOR LEAVES THE PLATFORM.

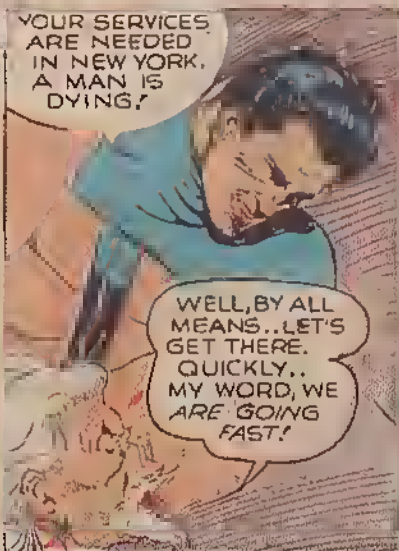


THE LEARNED MEN GASP AS THIS UNSCIENTIFIC EVENT TRANSPIRES BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES.



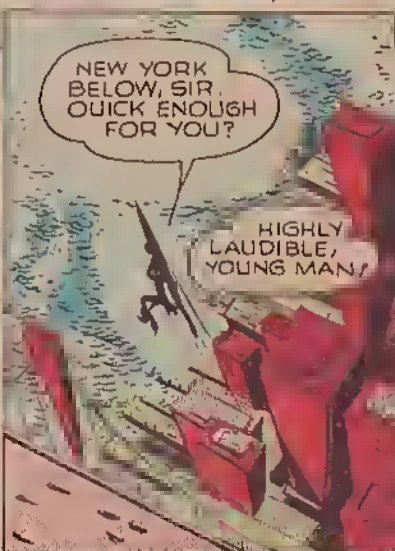
SPLUT, SPLUTTER, WH-WHAT, IS TAKING PLACE HERE?

YOUR SERVICES ARE NEEDED IN NEW YORK, A MAN IS DYING!



WELL, BY ALL MEANS...LET'S GET THERE QUICKLY.. MY WORD, WE ARE GOING FAST!

NEW YORK BELOW, SIR, QUICK ENOUGH FOR YOU?



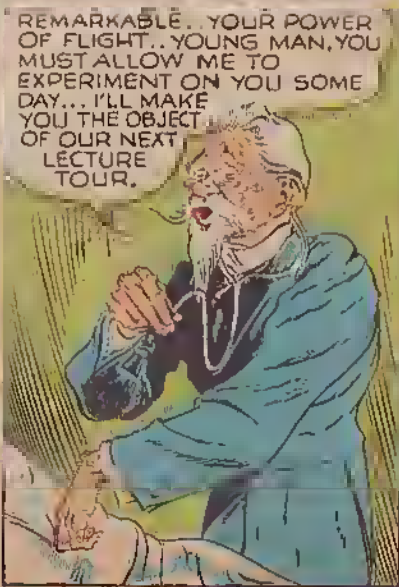
HIGHLY LAUDIBLE, YOUNG MAN!

DOCTOR PATCHE IS VERY SOON AT THE PATIENT'S BEDSIDE...



AH, YES..I CAN HELP THIS MAN.. BUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER I COULD HAVE DONE NOTHING.

REMARKABLE.. YOUR POWER OF FLIGHT.. YOUNG MAN, YOU MUST ALLOW ME TO EXPERIMENT ON YOU SOME DAY... I'LL MAKE YOU THE OBJECT OF OUR NEXT LECTURE TOUR.



SOME DAY, DOC.. I'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE THIS MURDER CASE NOW!



WINGING TO A POOR SECTION
OF TOWN, THE CONDOOR ALIGHTS
ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE OF A SLUM
TENEMENT.



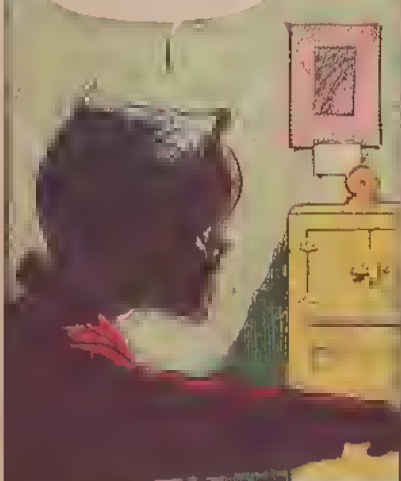
YOUR FATHER'S NOT HOME
YET. I HOPE NOTHING HAS
HAPPENED...EVER SINCE
HE LOST HIS CHANCE
OF BECOMING A
CITIZEN. I WORRY
SO...



DON'T CRY, MUMMY, MY
DADDY'S AN AMERICAN.
HE TOLD ME HE LOVES
THIS COUNTRY.. NO-
BODY'LL HURT
HIM!



HEY, MOM, LOOK!
A MAN IN THE
WINDOW!

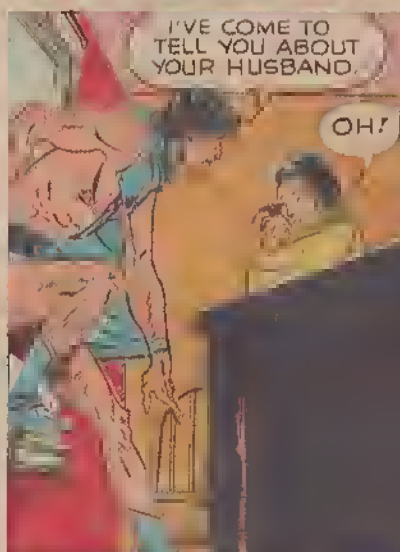


DON'T BE
AFRAID,
FOLKS!



I'VE COME TO
TELL YOU ABOUT
YOUR HUSBAND.

OH!

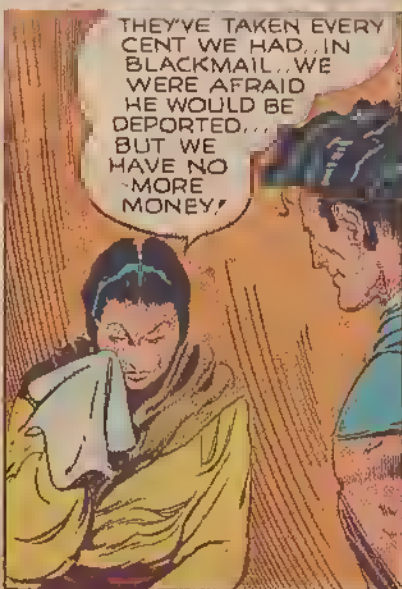


HE'S GOING TO
BE ALL RIGHT..
NOW TELL ME,
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THIS?

IT'S THOSE
TERRIBLE
MEN..THEY
STOLE HIS
RIGHTS TO
CITIZENSHIP.
HE WANTED
TO EXPOSE
THEM!

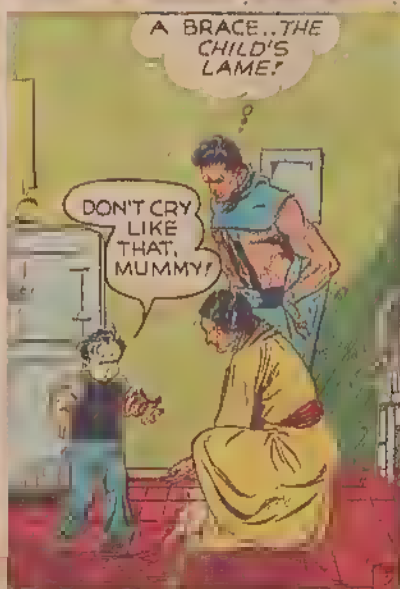


THEY'VE TAKEN EVERY
CENT WE HAD..IN
BLACKMAIL..WE
WERE AFRAID
HE WOULD BE
DEPORTED..
BUT WE
HAVE NO
MORE
MONEY!

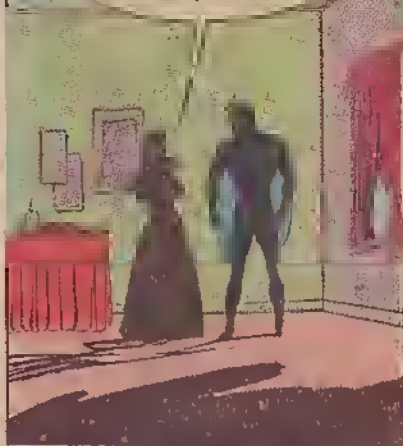


A BRACE..THE
CHILD'S
LAME!

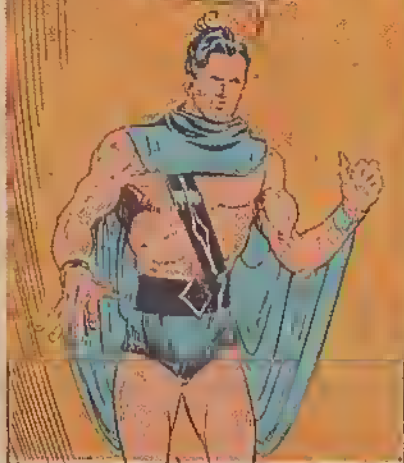
DON'T CRY
LIKE
THAT,
MUMMY!



WE NEEDED THE MONEY
TO SEND JACKIE TO A
FARM WHERE HE COULD
GROW STRONG LIKE
OTHER KIDS...NOW
WE CAN'T.



OH, YES YOU
CAN, NOW THAT
I'M MAD
ENOUGH...



MEANWHILE IN THE MAGNIFICENT OFFICE OF MONKS GALLAGHER, THE ALIEN'S FRIEND



WELL, BOYS, AS LONG AS
AMERICA IS THE ONLY LAND
OF THE FREE, WE'LL BE
SITTIN' PRETTY.



YEAH, DEM FOREIGNERS
WILL DO ANYTHING TO
STAY HERE.



SURE...THEY
TAKE OUT FIRST
PAPERS, WE TAKE
OUT THE SECOND
FOR THEM...

THEN WE TELL 'EM THEY'LL
BE DEPORTED IF THE GOVERNMENT
HEARS ABOUT IT.. AND
THEY PAY PLENTY TO KEEP
US QUIET.



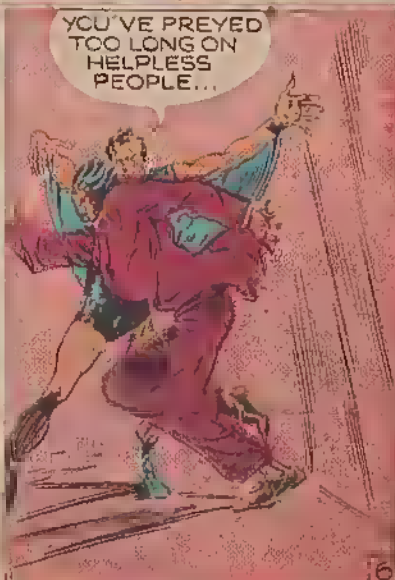
AS MONKS GLOATS OVER
HIS SUCCESS, A PANEL IN THE
SKYLIGHT SLIPS BACK AND
THE SHADOW OF A WINGED
FIGURE DARKENS THE ROOM.



MIND IF I
DROP IN FOR
A SCRAP?



YOU'VE PREYED
TOO LONG ON
HELPLESS
PEOPLE...



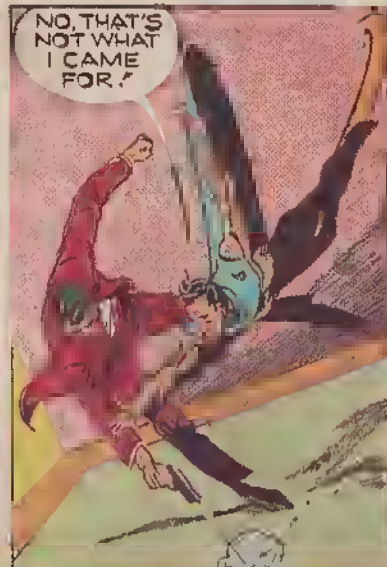
WITH THE FURY OF
AN ANGRY WIND,
THE BLACK CONDOR
LASHES INTO MONKS.



WHY, YOU...
I'LL MURDER
DAT GUY!



NO, THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I CAME
FOR!



NOW, YOU
CAN DO ME
A FAVOR!



WRITE OUT A
CHECK FOR LITTLE
JACKIE'S FAMILY,
PAYING THEM
BACK WITH
INTEREST!



GOODBYE,
GALLAGHER!...
AND LET ME WARN
YOU...YOUR RACKET
IS THROUGH...
FINISHED!

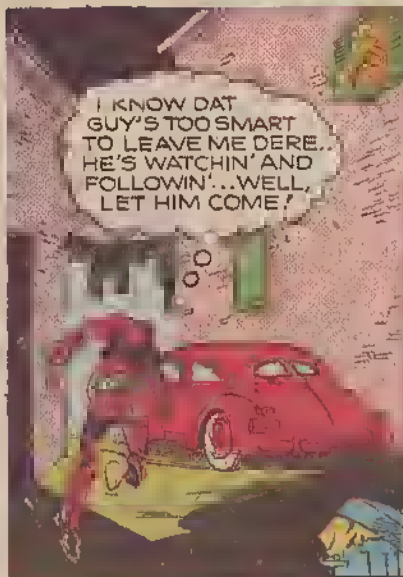


I'LL TAKE
THIS BACK
TO JACKIE, NOW...
SEE THAT YOU
BEHAVE WHILE
I'M GONE!



SLUGS, LISTEN...KIDNAP
DAT LITTLE LAME KID AND
GET A CEMENT TRAP
READY AT DE WARE-
HOUSE...BLACK
CONDOR'S
AFTER US..
YEAH!





AS MONK'S CAR WHIPS OUT OF THE ALLEY, THE BLACK CONDOR PERCHES ABOVE.



GALLAGHER'S GANG AWAITS HIM IN THE DARK AND EMPTY WAREHOUSE..



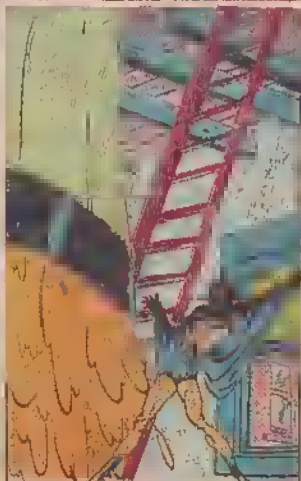
WE'LL USE HIM AS A THREAT TO DE CONDOR.



THEY'RE WAITING FOR SOMEONE... I MUST BE ME.



AS HE ENTERS, A HUGE VAT OF WET CONCRETE IS DROPPED UPON HIM, BUT HE IS TOO QUICK..



VERY CLUMSY OF YOU, MONKS. NOW IF YOU'LL JUST REACH UP TO HEAVEN, I'LL...





ONE GANGSTER PULLS A GUN, BUT THE CONDOR'S BLACK RAY FIRES FIRST.

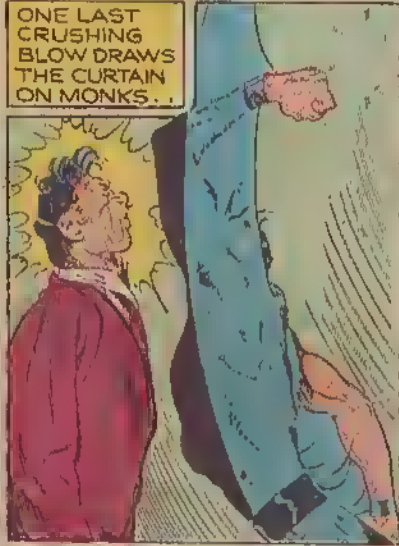
THAT YOUR IDEA OF HEAVEN?



WITH A SWEEPING SPRAY OF FIRE, HE BLASTS ALL THE GUNS FROM THEIR HANDS...



NOW, IT'LL BE MAN TO MAN. ALL WEAPONS BARRED!



ONE LAST CRUSHING BLOW DRAWS THE CURTAIN ON MONKS...



LIKE WILDFIRE HE FINISHES THE REST OF THE GANG...



WELL, JACKIE BOY, YOU'RE FREE NOW... HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A SKY RIDE?

OH, GEE!



OH GEE! OH GEE!



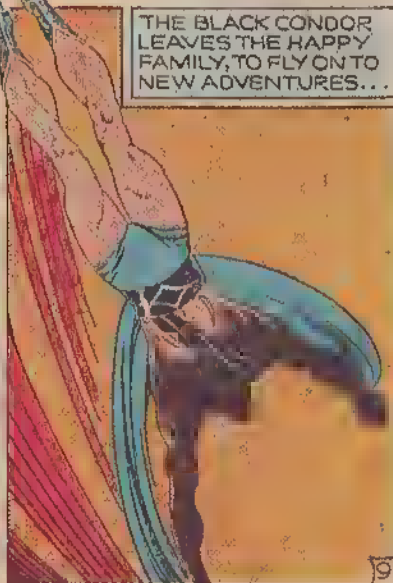
I FLEW, MUM, I FLEW. CAN I GO AGAIN?



YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE BACK WITH YOU SOON.

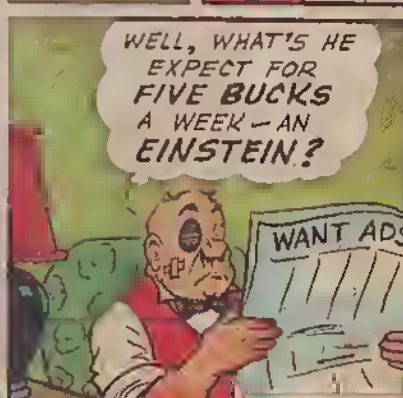
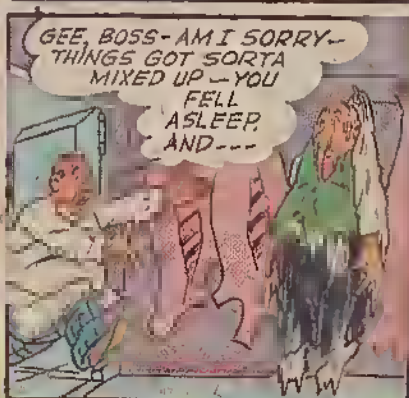
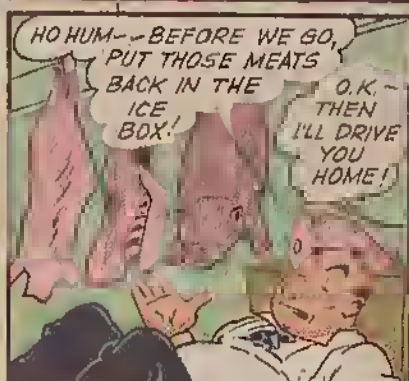
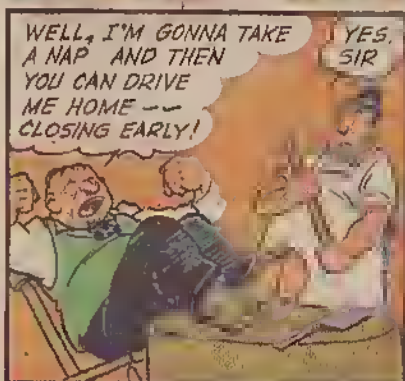
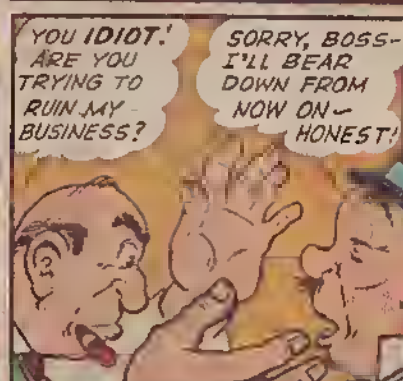
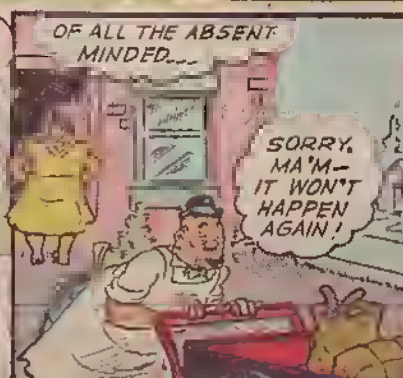
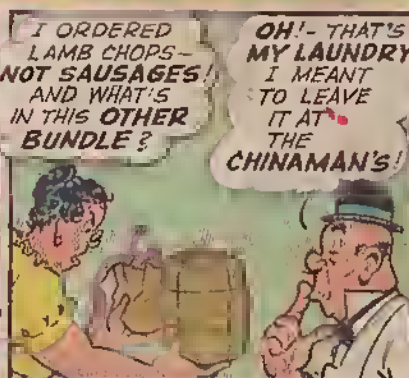
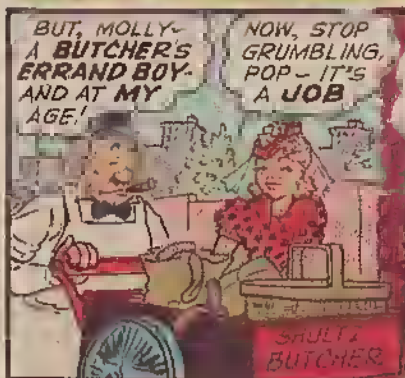
OH, YOU'VE BEEN SO WONDERFUL!

GEE!



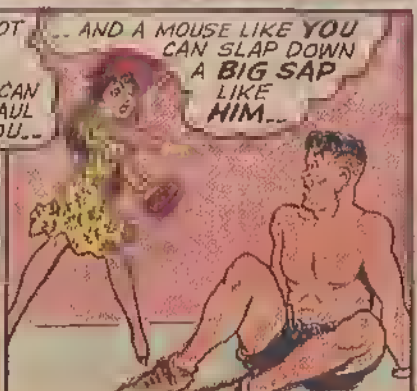
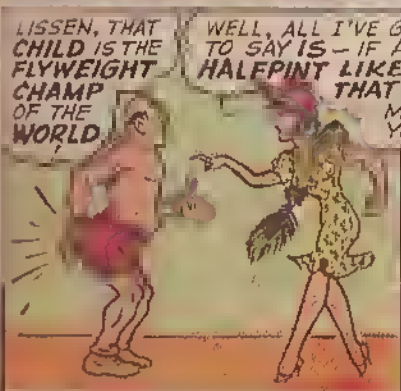
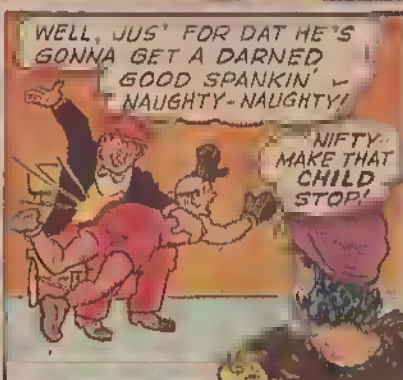
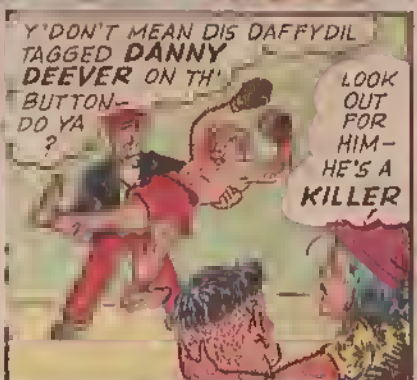
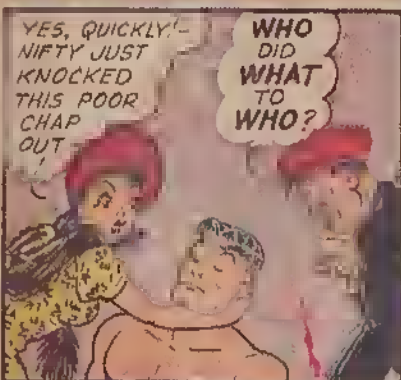
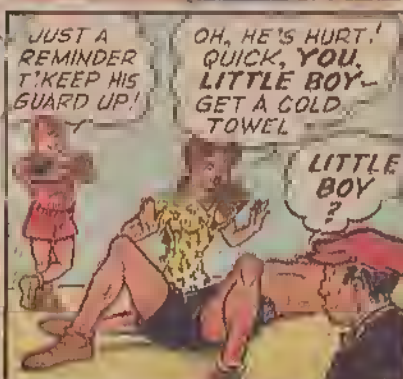
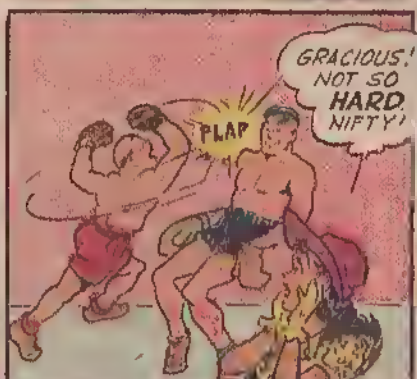
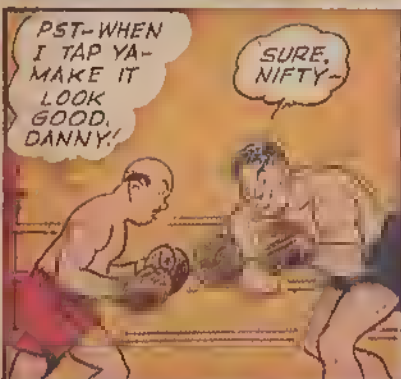
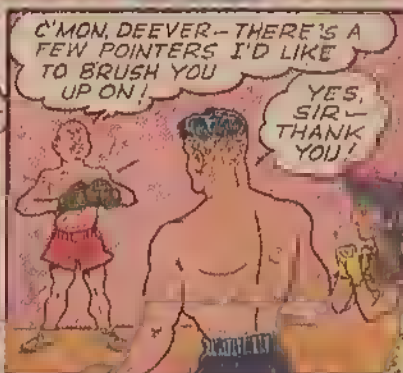
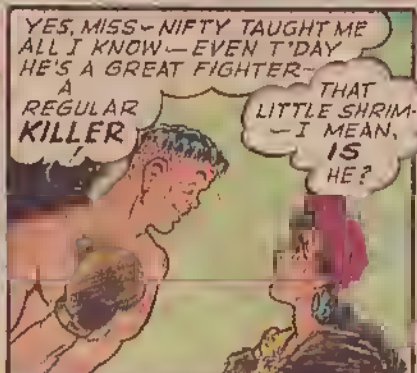
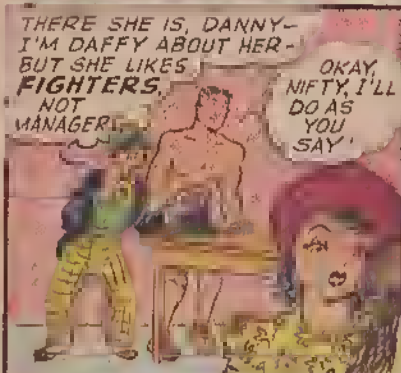
THE BLACK CONDOR LEAVES THE HAPPY FAMILY, TO FLY ONTO NEW ADVENTURES...

MOLLY THE MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL

WILL YA, DANNY-HUH?
WILL YA?

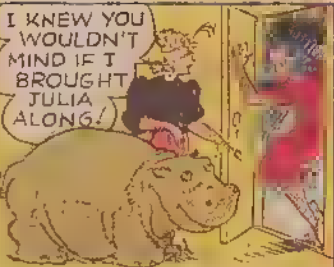


More laughs with Molly the Model in the February issue.

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

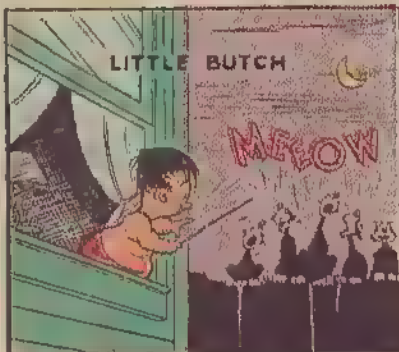
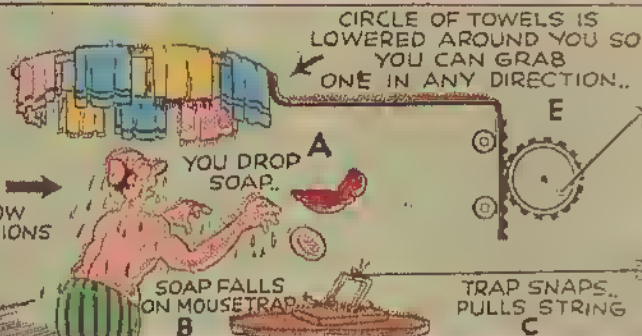
SCREWBALL RULES OF BEHAVIOR
.....
CORRECT WAY TO GET EVEN WITH A GIRL WHO ALWAYS BRINGS HER ST. BERNARD DOG ALONG WHEN SHE VISITS YOU...

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I BROUGHT JULIA ALONG!

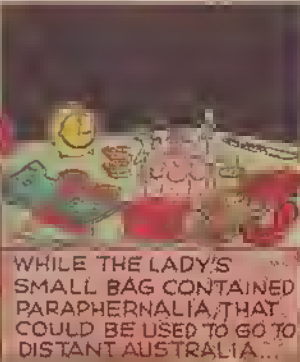
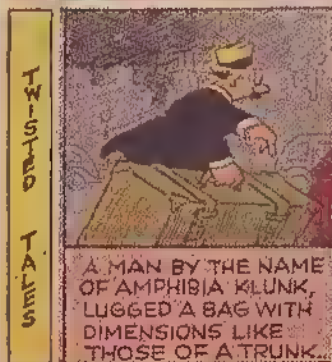
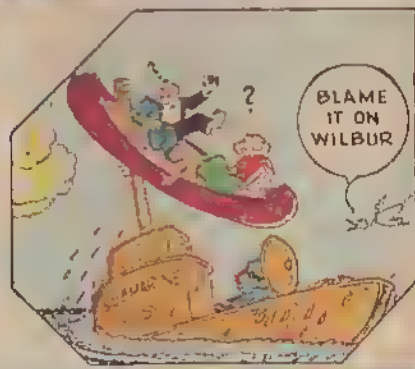
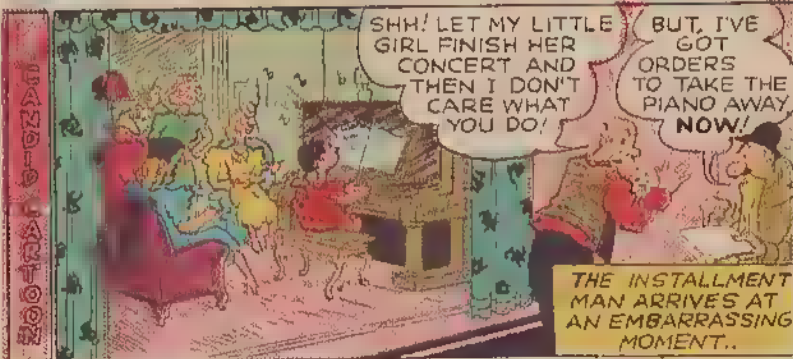
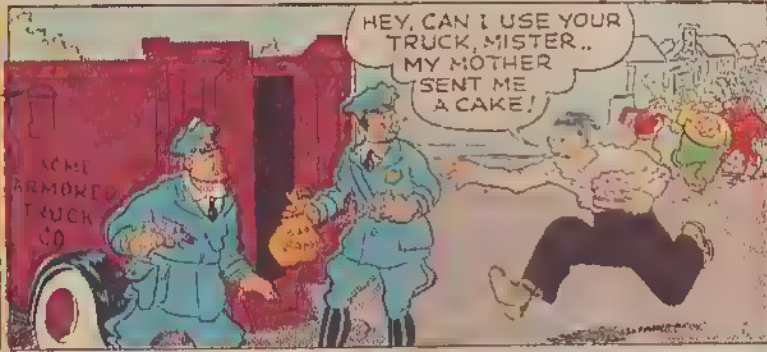


WEEKLY INVENTION
SIMPLE WAY TO FIND TOWEL WHEN YOUR EYES ARE FULL OF SOAP..

FOLLOW DIRECTIONS



CRACKPOT COLLEGE



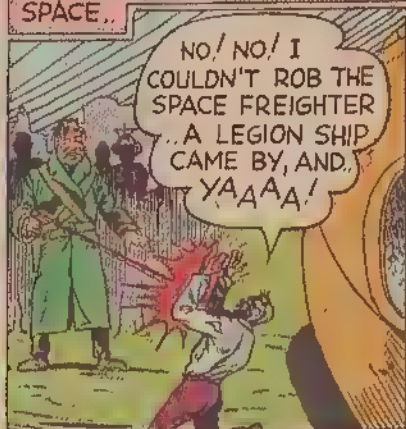
The SPACE LEGION

by
VERN



TO THE FAR-FLUNG
CORNERS OF THE
UNIVERSE, THE SPACE
LEGION IS KNOWN
AND FEARED BY
ALL CRIMINALS..

THE GREAT PLANET CERES
LAYS BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER
..ITS POSITION MAKES IT AN IDEAL
HIDEOUT FOR THE RIFF-RAFF OF
SPACE..



WHEN "BLASTER" MEERS
GIVES AN ORDER, HE WANTS
IT CARRIED OUT... IT IS
BETTER NOT TO COME
BACK AT ALL IF YOU
FAIL!

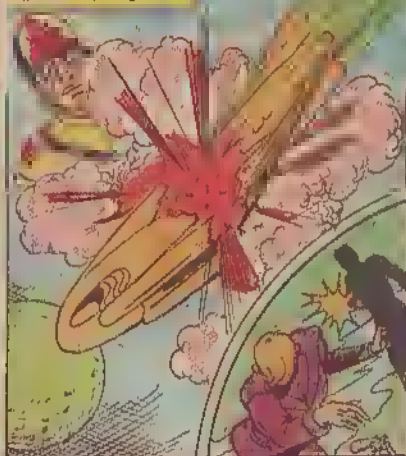
Y-YES,
BLASTER!



THE TIME HAS COME TO
EXPAND THE ORGANIZATION!
EVERY THIEF, BLACKGUARD
AND MURDERER IN THE
UNIVERSE WILL WORK FOR
ME! I'LL PLUNDER EVERY-
THING FROM MERCURY
TO PLUTO!



WITH SAVAGE FURY, MEERS
STARTS AN UNPARALLELED REIGN
OF TERROR..



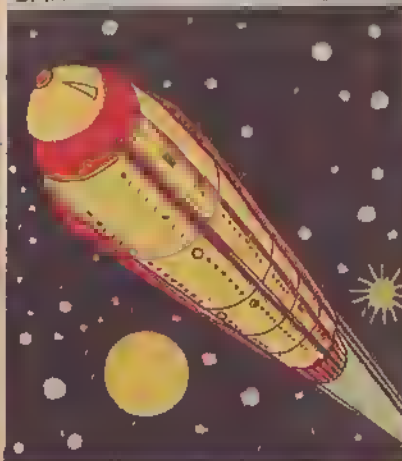
THE SPACE LEGION POST ON
EARTH HUMS WITH ACTIVITY...

CATCHING A FEW CROOKS
WON'T STOP THIS.. WE MUST
GET THEIR LEADER, WHOEVER
AND WHEREVER HE IS!
LEGION MEN ARE WATCHING
ALL ROCKET PORTS.. CAPTAIN
BRADDON, I AM ASSIGNING
YOU TO THE STATION ON
JUPITER!

YES SIR!



SOON BRADDON IS ABOARD A
LUXURIOUS FLAGSHIP OF THE
EARTH-JUPITER SPACELINE...

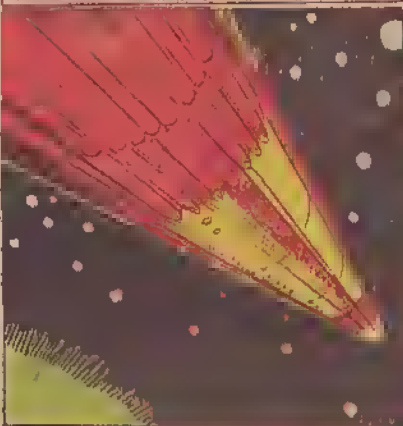


IN THE CONTROL ROOM...

ROCK BRADDON! I JUST
GLAD TO HAVE WANTED TO
YOU WITH US! CAUTION YOU
TO BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR
SPACE CRIMINALS!



WITH ITS GREAT SOLAR ENGINES POUNDING, THE FLAGSHIP DRIVES INTO THE VOID, LEAVING MARS AND EARTH FAR BEHIND.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I DIDN'T SEND FOR A STEWARD!



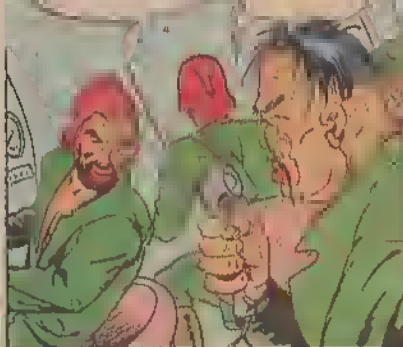
A RAY GUN SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE STEWARD'S HAND!

DON'T ANYBODY MOVE! STOP THIS SHIP. AND VISOGRAPH ITS POSITION ON WAVE BAND 2XA!



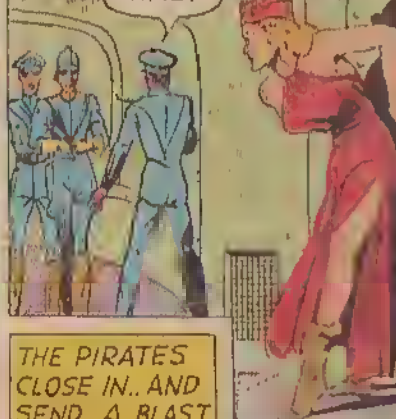
BLASTER MEERS IN ANOTHER SPACE SHIP PICKS UP THE CALL

THE SPACE LINER'S STOPPED. ENGINE ROOM! FULL THIS IS HER POSITION! SPEED AHEAD!!



ABOARD THE LINER, THE CONTROL ROOM DOOR SILENTLY OPENS..

DON'T TRY ANYTHING, SPACE COP.. YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE.. BLASTER WILL BE HERE IN NO TIME!



THE STEWARDESS GRABS THE SHIP

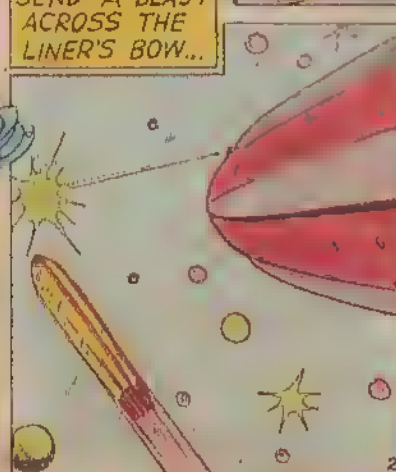
GOT'CHA!



NICE WORK, BEAUTIFUL!



THE PIRATES CLOSE IN.. AND SEND A BLAST ACROSS THE LINER'S BOW..



IF WE DON'T SURRENDER, THEY'LL BLAST US OUT OF SPACE, BRADDON!

I'M TAKING THE STEWARD'S PLACE.. MAYBE I CAN STILL SAVE THIS SHIP!



AS ROCK DONS THE STEWARD'S UNIFORM, HE HASTILY UNFOLDS HIS PLAN..

ARM THE CREW AND STATION THEM NEAR THE AIRLOCK... WHEN BLASTER MEERS COMES ABOARD, HE'LL WALK INTO A SWEET LITTLE



C'MON!
BOARD
HER!

MEERS ENTERS THE SPACE LINER

YOU CAN PUT AWAY
THE GUN, BLASTER..
I'VE GOT THEM
UNDER CONTROL!



GOOD! HOW MUCH
LOOT'S ON 'ER?
WHY, YOU'RE NOT..
A TRAP!



THE TRAP IS SPRUNG...

CLOSE THE
AIRLOCK..BLAST
'EM, MEN!



DEADLY RAYS CRISS-CROSS
AS THE PIRATE CREW PUTS
UP A FUTILE BATTLE...

WE'VE
GOT
THEM!



BUT BLASTER MEERS, LIKE A
MADDENED BULL, BATTERS HIS
WAY FREE..

THEY
HAVEN'T GOT
ME YET!



..AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE
THROUGH A PORT-HOLE...



THE PIRATE SHIP COVERS
HIS RETREAT...

THAT
WAS
CLOSE!

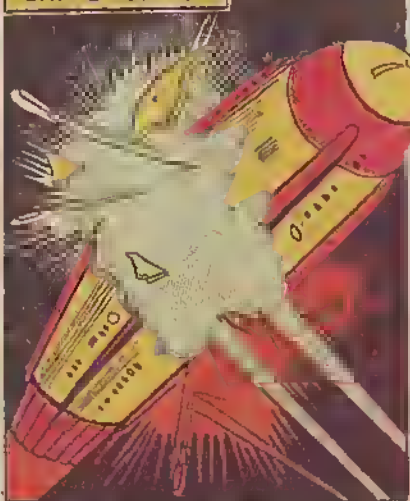


BACK ON THE SPACE LINER...

BREAK OUT THE LIFE
ROCKETS.. BLASTER'S
ESCAPED AND HE'LL
BLOW THIS TUB TO
BITS!



HEAVY RAYS PENETRATE THE
SHIP'S HULL!



SOME OF THEM
ARE GETTING AWAY
IN LIFE ROCKETS!

RAY THEM! WE
AIN'T LEAVIN'
WITNESSES!



IN ONE OF THE LIFE ROCKETS..

HOW HORRIBLE!
THEY'RE MURDER-
ING THE SURVIVORS !!
WE'RE IN
THEIR
BLIND
SPOT. OUR
ONLY CHANCE
IS TO
FOLLOW
THEM!

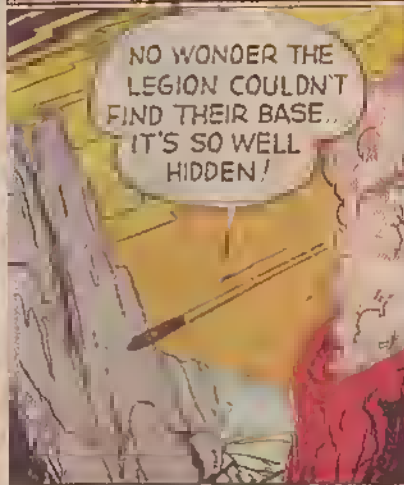


THE SPACE MARAUDERS ROAR
TOWARDS CERES, NOT KNOWING
THAT THEY ARE FOLLOWED..



..DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF THE
PLANET, PAST A VOLCANIC CRATER

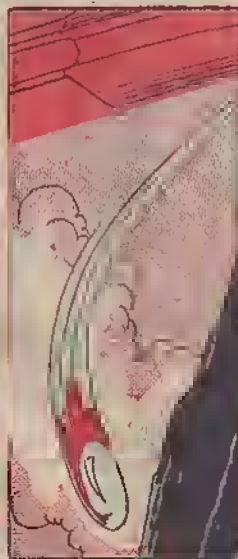
NO WONDER THE
LEGION COULDN'T
FIND THEIR BASE..
IT'S SO WELL
HIDDEN!



TIME TO
BREAK AWAY
FROM OUR
ESCORT!



WE'VE FOLLOWED HIM
THIS FAR.. CAN'T
TURN BACK NOW.. COME
ON!



A SENTRY SEES THE
FIGURES.. HIS RAY BLAST
SIZZLES OVER THEIR
HEADS..

DOWN!
WE'RE
SPOTTED!



GOT HIM! BUT
THESE SHOTS WILL
WARN THE REST OF
THEM TO GET BACK
TO THE SHIP!



THE CAVERN RESOUNDS WITH
THE CRIES OF PURSUING THUGS



GET GOING...
IF WE REACH THAT
VOLCANO WE MAY
YET WIN!



BRADDON AIMS HIS GUN AT THE
VOLCANO...THE ELECTRONIC RAY
EXPLODES THE LAVA ROCK!



THE CRATER
WALL'S CAVING.
SHE'S GOING
TO BLOW!

THE VOLCANO ERUPTS
AND MOLTEN LAVA
SEALS THE PIRATE
CAVERN FOREVER..



A LONE FIGURE APPEARS
FROM THE CLOUDS OF GAS...



MEERS!

YOU'LL NEVER
LEAVE CERES
ALIVE!

ROCK HURLS HIS EMPTY
RAY PISTOL...



STRIKE
ONE!

BLASTER MEERS GOES SCREAM-
ING INTO A MOLTEN LAVA POOL...



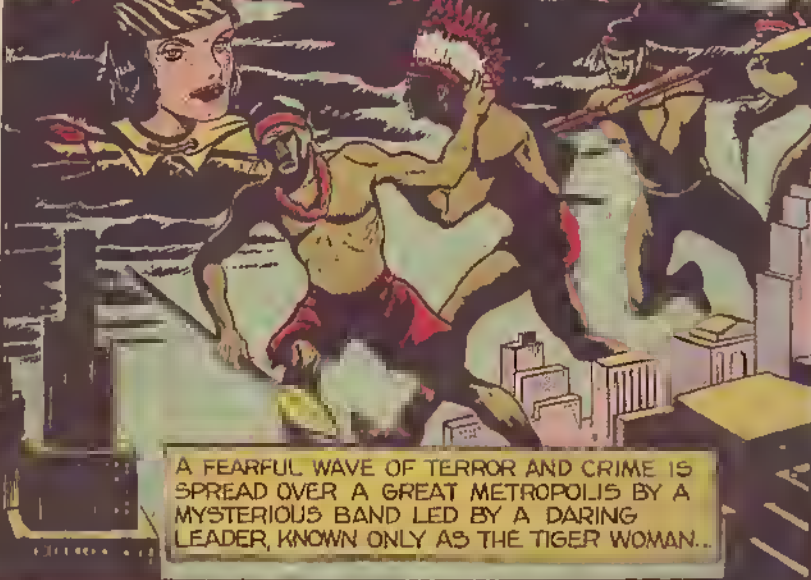
NOT A
VERY NICE
WAY TO
GO OUT!

BUT HE
NEVER
SHOULD
HAVE
TANGLED
WITH THE
SPACE
LEGION!

THEY
FIND
THAT
OUT
WHEN
IT'S TOO
LATE!



MADAM FATAL



A FEARFUL WAVE OF TERROR AND CRIME IS SPREAD OVER A GREAT METROPOLIS BY A MYSTERIOUS BAND LED BY A DARING LEADER, KNOWN ONLY AS THE TIGER WOMAN...

IT IS A DARK NIGHT AS RODNEY WHITE, FAMOUS EXPLORER, NEARS HIS HOME...



SUDDENLY HE IS CONFRONTED BY A STRANGE FIGURE...



WHAT'S THIS?

THE TIGER WOMAN!



WE MEET AGAIN, RODNEY WHITE— ONLY THIS TIME IT WILL BE OUR LAST—!

THEN TWO MORE FIGURES APPEAR...

NO MORE WILL YOU COME TO OUR LAND AND STEAL THE TREASURES OF MY PEOPLE!



NO— SPARE ME... I'LL KEEP AWAY---

PLACING A SMALL REED TO HER LIPS THE TIGER WOMAN BLOWS THROUGH IT...



DIE!

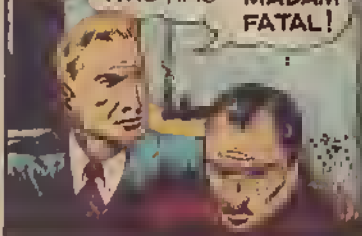
MINUTES LATER—THE DYING MAN IS FOUND BY RICHARD STANTON, ALIAS MADAM FATAL...



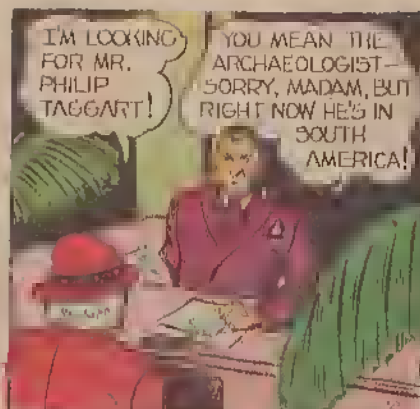
GOT TO GET HIM A DOCTOR...

TOO LATE...WARN TAGGART AND OTHERS AT EXPLORER'S CLUB...BEWARE OF TIGER WOMAN...

SO—ANOTHER CRIME BY THE TIGER WOMAN...WONDER HOW SHE KILLED HIM! SO FAR THE POLICE HAVE NOT FOUND HER TRAIL...BUT THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO HAS—MADAM FATAL!



THE NEXT DAY—STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE OF MADAM FATAL.....



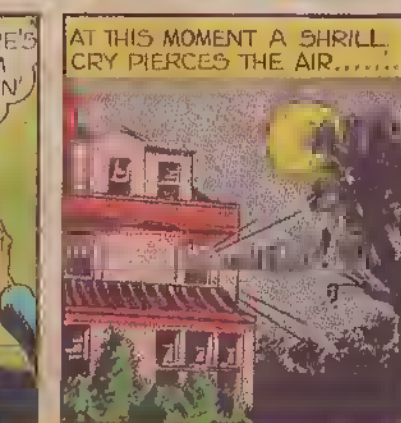
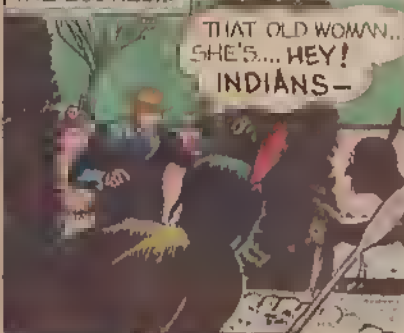
CLOSE BY, A MEMBER LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION.....

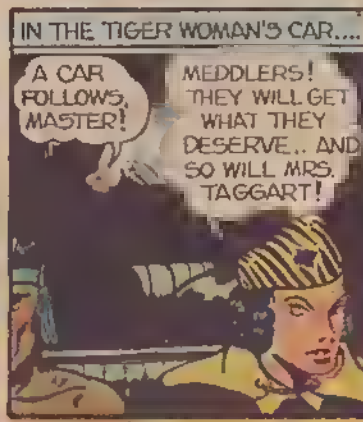
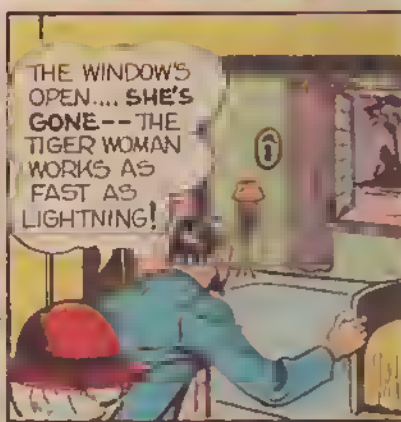


IN THE DRIV WAY OF THE TAGGART RESIDENCE.....



AS THE BEARDED MAN FOLLOWS, TWO FIGURES SUDDENLY JUMP OUT FROM THE BUSHES...





IN MADAM FATAL'S CAR...

THEY STOPPED AT THAT OLD
STONE HOUSE--BETTER
STOP HERE....CAN'T TAKE
CHANCES ON BEING SPOTTED!



SO FAR SO
GOOD--NO
ONE AROUND...
LOOKS TOO
EASY!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL AND
SEVERAL DARK FORMS COME
RUNNING TOWARD THEM.....



IT'S AN
AMBUSH.....
GO DOWN
FIGHTING!!



BEFORE MADAM FATAL'S BEARDED
FRIEND CAN HELP HER....



THE TWO VICTIMS ARE TAKEN DOWN
A LONG ROW OF STONE STEPS
DEEP IN THE GROUND...



THEY ARE BROUGHT TO A LARGE
STONE ROOM...



HA--JUST IN
TIME FOR THE
FEATURE
ATTRACTION OF
THE EVENING!

AS SOON AS MRS. TAGGART
IS DEAD, I WILL TAKE
CARE OF YOU TWO
MEDDLERS--THEN I
MUST LEAVE, FOR MY
WORK IS DONE HERE!



SO YOU'RE
GOING TO
KILL HER
AS YOU
DID THOSE
OTHER
EXPLORERS!



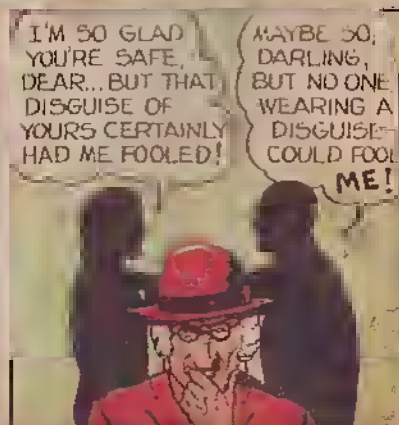
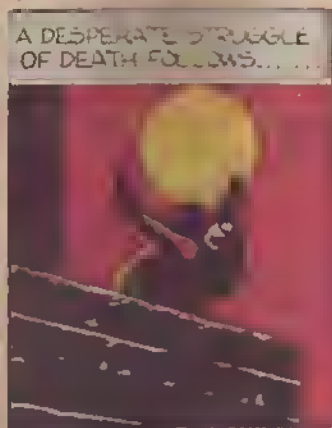
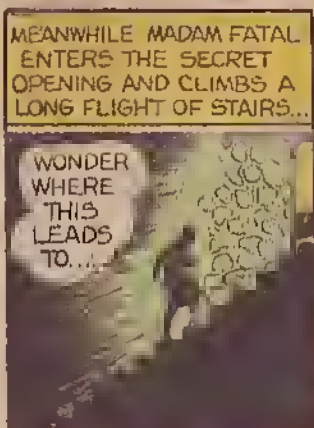
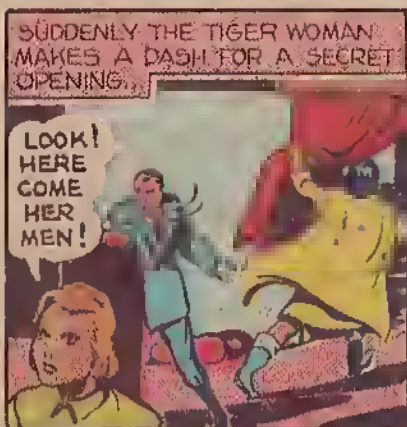
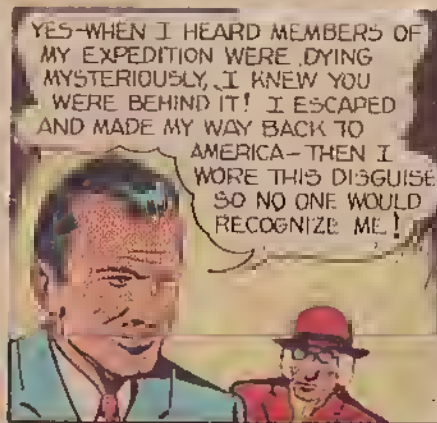
YES--WHEN THE
TAGGART EXPEDITION
CAME TO OUR LAND
AND TOOK SOME OF
OUR VALUED
TREASURES, I
SWORE REVENGE!

WE HAVE KILLED ALL, EXCEPT PHILIP
TAGGART, WHO IS BEING HELD
PRISONER BY MY PEOPLE, AND
HIS WIFE WHO IS HERE NOW--
WHEN SHE IS DEAD WE WILL
RETURN AND TAGGART WILL
BE SACRIFICED!!



NOW WE ARE READY--ONE
PUFF FROM THIS HOLLOW
REED AND SHE WILL
INHALE A POWDER POISON
WHICH WILL TURN HER
FEATURES TO STONE!





THE RED TORPEDO

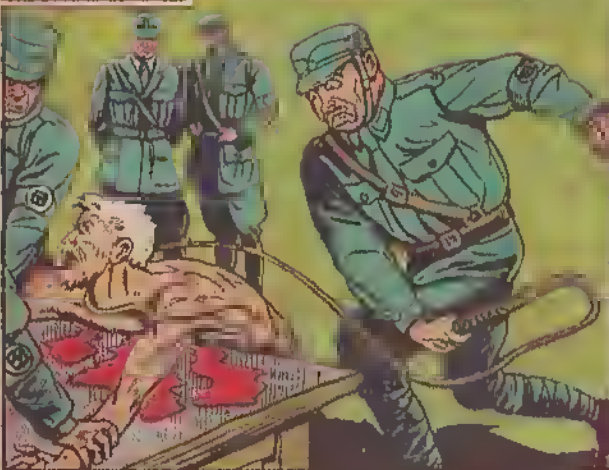
BY
DREW
Allen



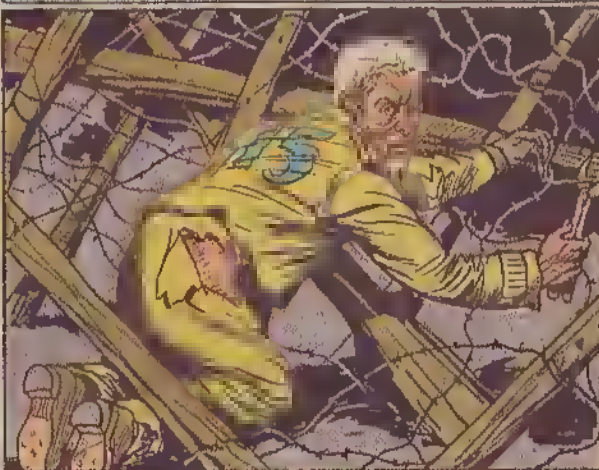
THE RED TORPEDO, FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY, HAS INVENTED A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT. MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SALES THE SEAS, PUNISHING EVIL-DOERS AND RIGHTING WRONGS..... A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP. OUR STORY BEGINS IN A LITTLE SEAPORT TOWN IN CONQUERED FRANCE...

SO, DR. FREIHEIT, YOU WERE GOING TO ENGLAND, TO CONTINUE YOUR OPPOSITION, EH? WELL, THE GESTAPO WILL CHANGE ALL THAT!

THE GESTAPO GIVES A LITTLE LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.



BY SOME MIRACLE, DR. FREIHEIT ESCAPES FROM THE NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP.....

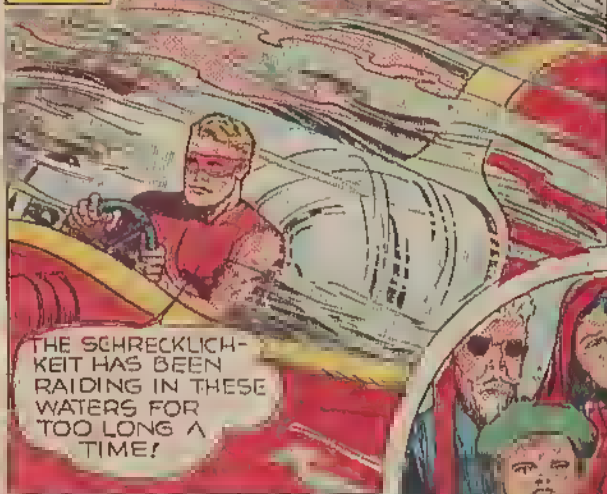


BUT IN BERLIN...



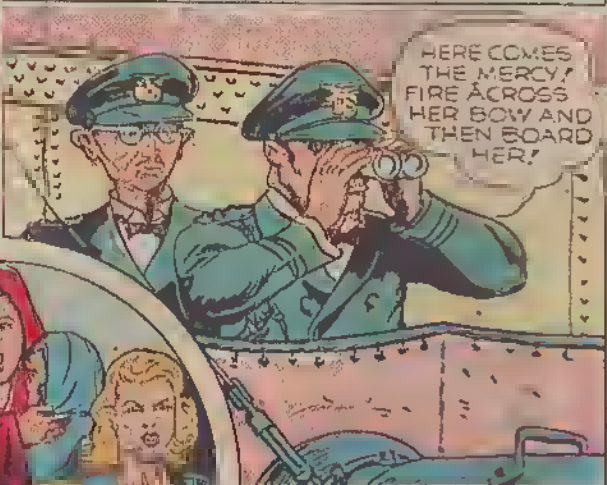
I KNOW FREIHEIT IS ABOARD THE REFUGEE SHIP, "MERCY"! HE MUST BE CAPTURED! CONTACT MY RAIDER, THE "SCHRECKLICHKEIT!"

MEANWHILE THE RED TORPEDO IS CRUISING THE ATLANTIC, SEEKING TO AID THE BRITISH NAVY.



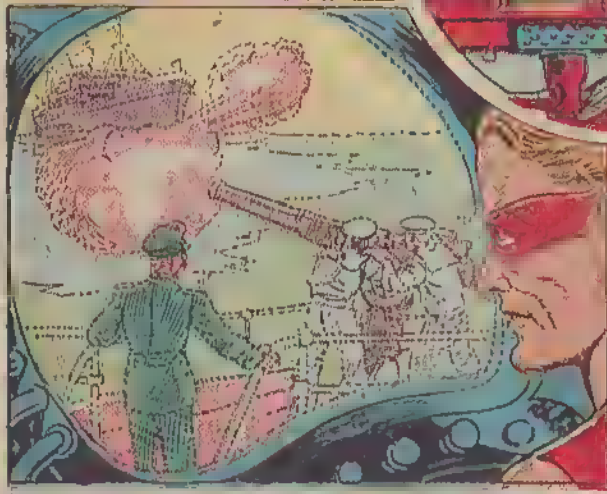
THE SCHRECKLICH-KEIT HAS BEEN RAIDING IN THESE WATERS FOR TOO LONG A TIME!

WHILE ON BOARD THE NAZI RAIDER THE SCHRECKLICHKEIT, THE CAPTAIN SIGHTS HIS PREY, THE AMERICAN SS.MERCY.....

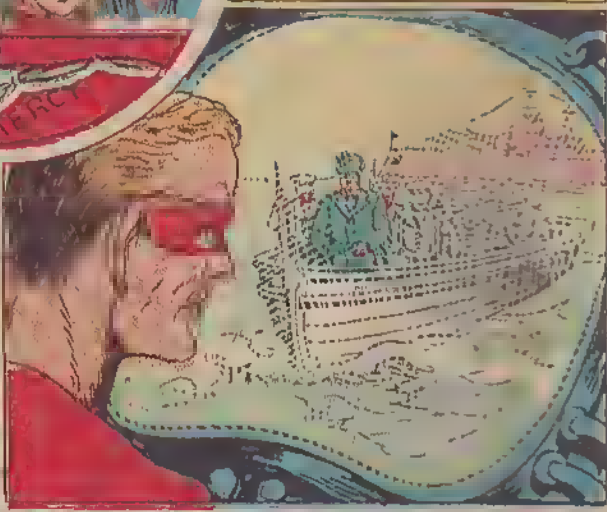


HERE COMES THE MERCY! FIRE ACROSS HER BOW AND THEN BOARD HER!

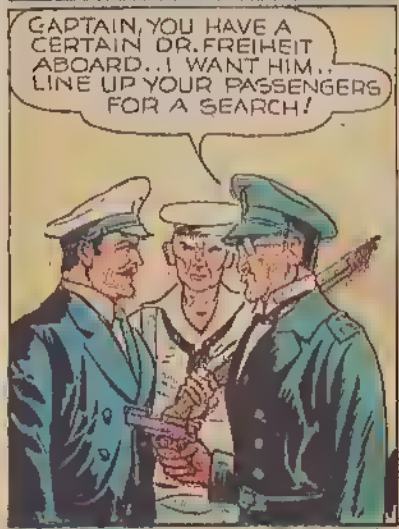
IN HIS MARINOSCOPE, THE RED TORPEDO SEES THE RAIDER HALT THE MERCY, ...



AS HE WATCHES, THE NAZI PUT OFF IN A LAUNCH.....



ABOARD THE MERCY...



CAPTAIN, YOU HAVE A CERTAIN DR.FREIHEIT ABOARD...I WANT HIM.. LINE UP YOUR PASSENGERS FOR A SEARCH!

"HA! HERE HE IS..WELL, HERR DOKTOR, YOU CAN TAKE OFF THOSE DARK GLASSES NOW..SEIZE HIM, YOU MEN!"

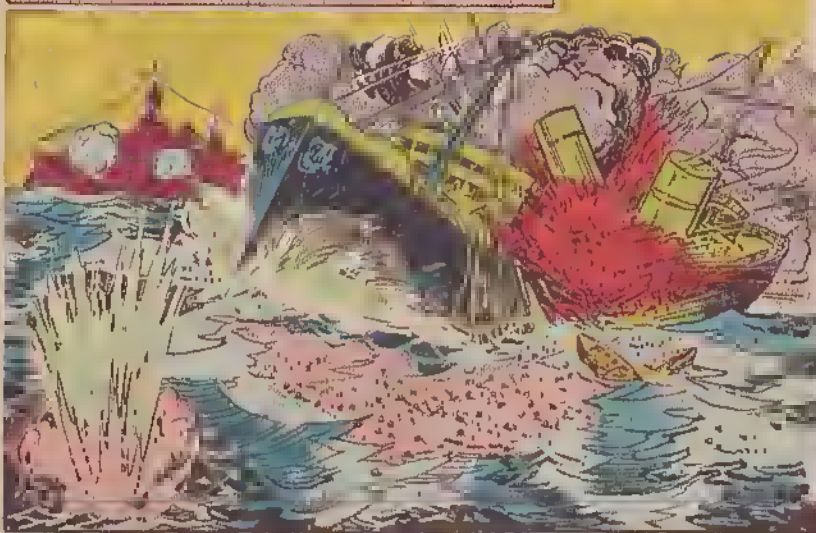


AND SO, FREIHEIT IS TAKEN ABOARD THE RAIDER..



THAT FELLOW MUST BE SOMEBODY BIG IF THEY WANT HIM AS BADLY AS ALL THAT!

THE NAZI RAIDER LIVES UP TO ITS NAME.



I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS, BUT FIRST TO RESCUE THAT PRISONER!



I'LL FOLLOW THIS KILLER AND AWAIT MY CHANCE!

SUDDENLY THE MARINOSCOPE SIGHTS A NEW ENEMY...



IN THE NAZI AMPHIBIAN.

THERE'S THE SCHRECKLICHKEIT!



HERE COMES THE PLANE FOR THE PRISONER.. GET HIM ON DECK!



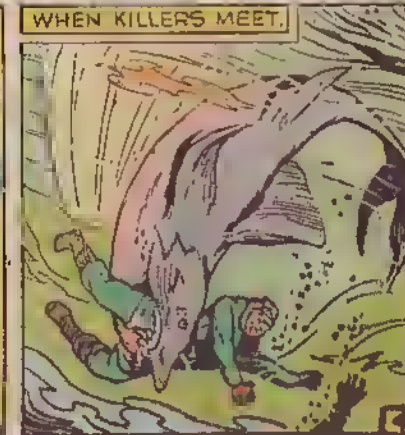
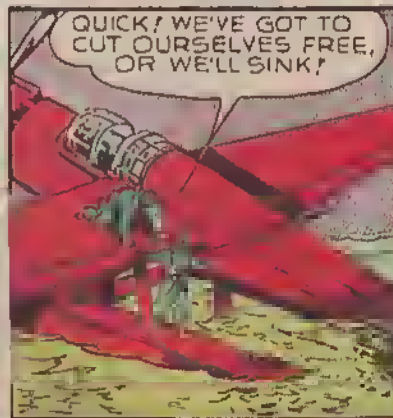
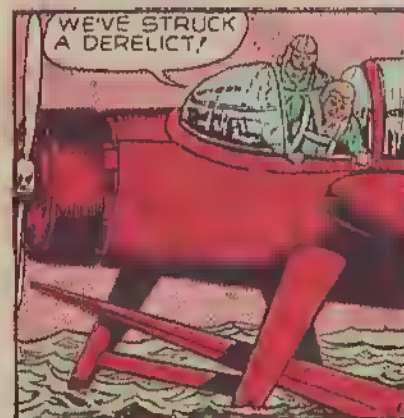
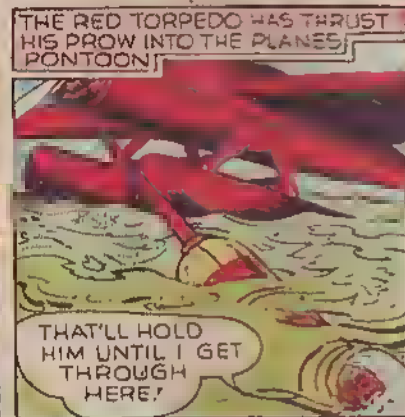
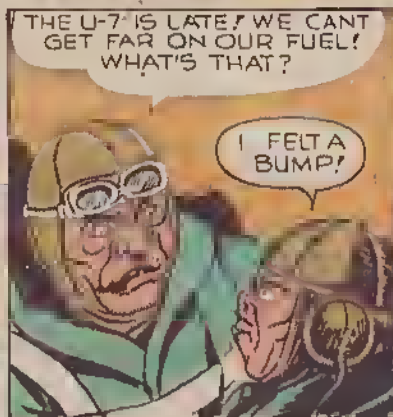
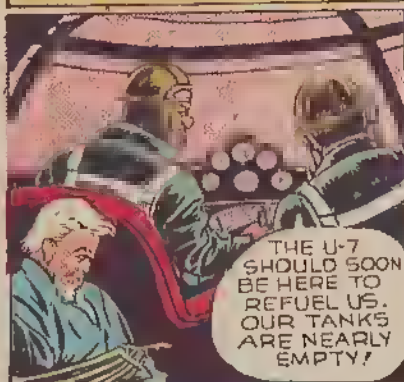
YOU ARE BEING TAKEN BACK TO BERLIN BY PLANE, SCHWEINHUND!

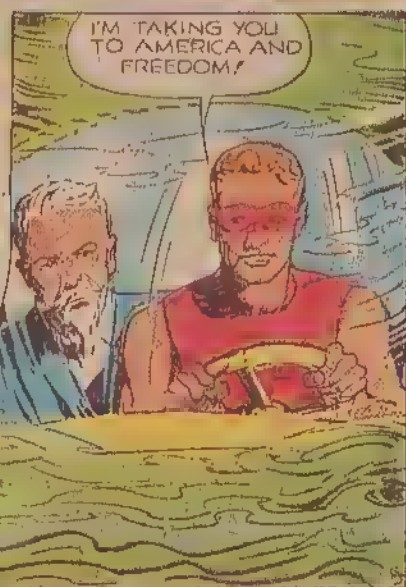
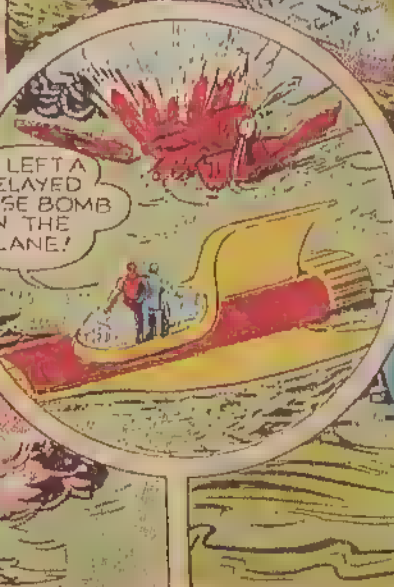
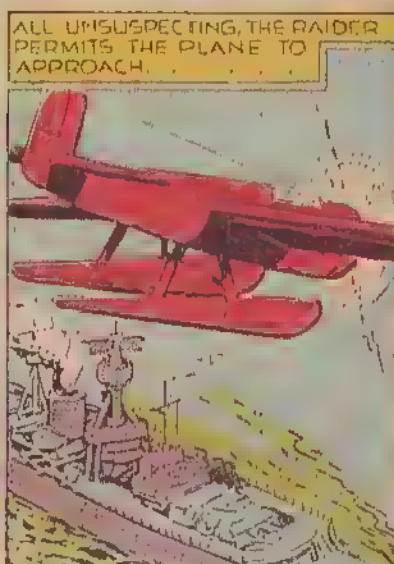
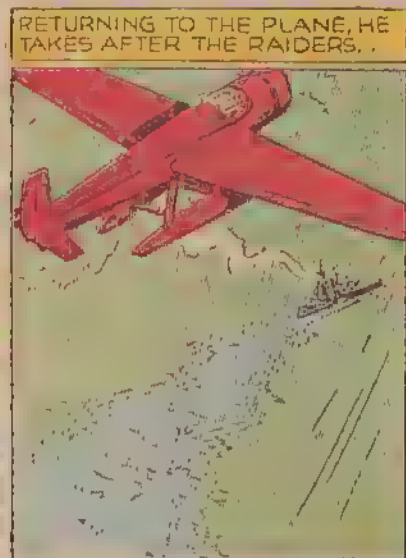
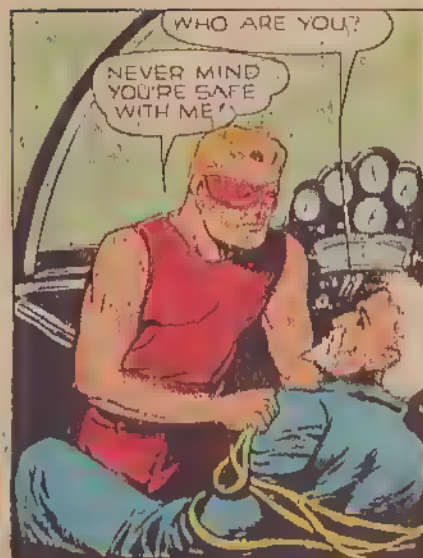


WITH TYPICAL NAZI BRUTALITY, DR FREIHEIT IS LOWERED ONTO THE PLANE.



AS THE RAIDER STEAMS AWAY.





JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russel

FORTUNE-HUNTING COUNT IVAN TAKES JANE TO THE POLO MATCHES, STILL THINKING SHE IS THE RICH GRACE KENNING.

GLAD TO SEE YOU, IVAN. SORRY YOU AREN'T PLAYING.

I'D RATHER SIT THIS ONE OUT.. JANE, MAY I PRESENT LARRY VOSS..

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PLAYED POLO!

OH YES, AND RATHER WELL. OH-OH- THAT WAS A BAD SPILL!!



IN THAT CASE, I'LL PLAY! WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, JANE?

TOM'S HURT BADLY. CAN YOU TAKE HIS PLACE, IVAN? IF NOT, WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THE GAME!

NOT A BAD IDEA.. LETTING JANE SEE ME AT MY BEST.



IT'S COUNT IVAN GREGORI FILLING IN.. HE'S ONE OF THE BEST!

HE LOOKS IT! YOU SEE HIM MAKE THAT SHOT?

YOU SAVED OUR GAME, IVAN.. I NEVER SAW YOU IN BETTER FORM!

WE DID WIN EASILY!

YOU WERE WONDERFUL.. I NEVER SAW SUCH POLO!

I'LL GET YOU A HORSE.. IF YOU'LL PLAY WITH US THROUGH THE REST OF THE TOURNAMENT!

FINE.. ON ONE CONDITION.. THAT JANE GOES TO ALL THE GAMES!

WHY, WOULD I MISS SEEING YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DAN'L?

I'M A SHAVIN' THAT'S WHAT.. SINCE YE BROKE TH' MIRROR, I LOOK AT M'SELF IN TH' WATER.

FIRST TIME I EVER KNEW YOU TO SHAVE!

ON YER WAY, HENHUSSY, I'M BUSY!

I WANT A DRINK FIRST!

YEEEE-OW!

GREAT DAY! WHAT HAPPENED?

YE BROKE MY REFLECTION, IN TH' WATER!

THAT'S AN EVIL TOKEN.. NOW YE'VE GOT A SPELL ON ME!

SAKES! ALIVE!

HALP!



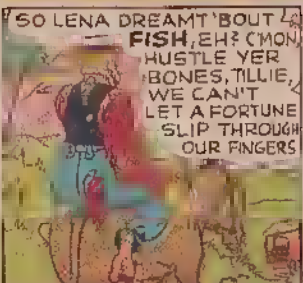
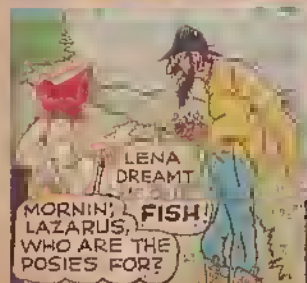
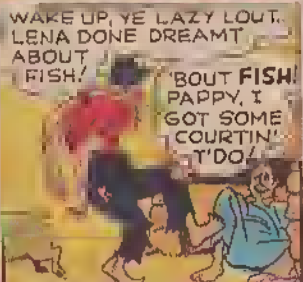
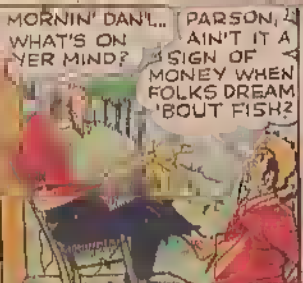
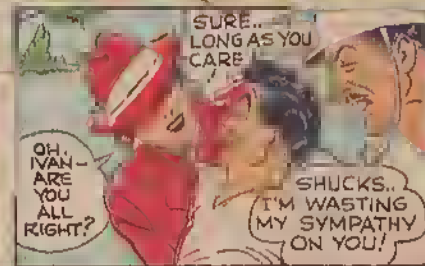
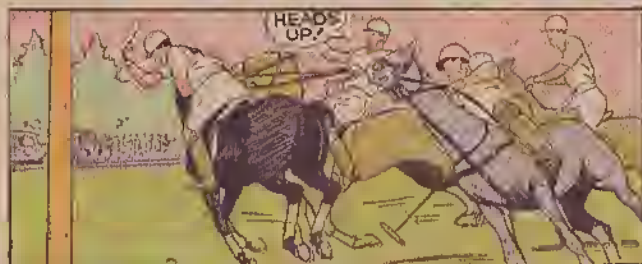
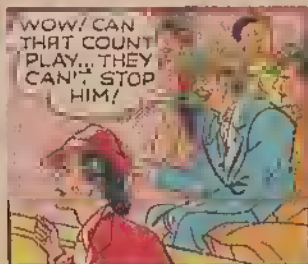
JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harmon and Hazzard

COUNT IVAN IS ONE OF THE BEST AT POLO AND HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE JANE SEES HIM AT HIS BEST.

I'D RATHER STAY WITH YOU THAN PLAY TODAY!

NONSENSE. I CAME TO SEE YOU PLAY!



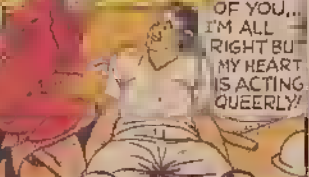
JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Morris and E. Ross

COUNT ARE YOU
IVAN HURT
IVAN?
HURT WHEN
HIS POLO
PONY FELL.
JANE RAN
OUT TO HIM....



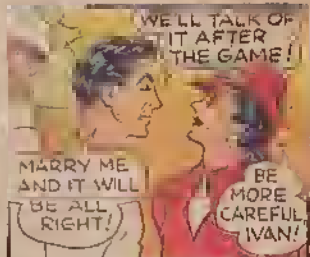
IF I LOOK
DAZED,
IT'S
BECAUSE
OF YOU...
I'M ALL
RIGHT BU
MY HEART
IS ACTING
QUEERLY!

OH! I DIDN'T
REALIZE
HOW IT
LOOKED
RUNNING
OUT ON
THE FIELD
THIS
WAY!



THAT'S NOTH
ING, MY WIFE
DOES THAT
WHEN I TAKE
A BAD SPILL!

THAT'S
AN IDEA



MARRY ME
AND IT WILL
BE ALL
RIGHT!

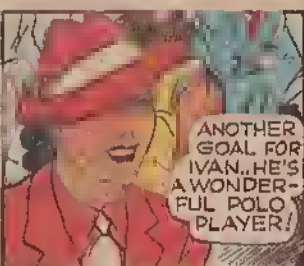
BE
MORE
CAREFUL
IVAN!



I'VE GOT
TO MAKE
THIS
GOAL...



FOR THE
RICHEST
GIRL IN
THE
WORLD



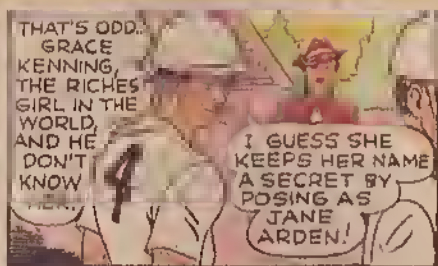
ANOTHER
GOAL FOR
IVAN..HE'S
A WONDER-
FUL POLO
PLAYER!



NICE
GOING,
IVAN...
A GREAT
GAME!

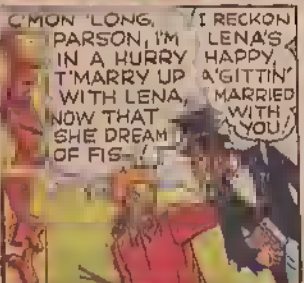
YES, AND
NICE GOING
WITH THE
LADIES, TOO..
WHO IS
THE
GIRL?

DON'T
YOU
KNOW
HER?



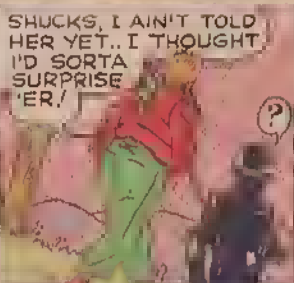
THAT'S ODD..
GRACE
KENNING,
THE RICHEST
GIRL IN THE
WORLD,
AND HE
DON'T
KNOW
HER...

I GUESS SHE
KEEPS HER NAME
A SECRET BY
POSING AS
JANE
ARDEN!



C'MON LONG,
PARSON, I'M
IN A HURRY
T'MARRY UP
WITH LENA,
NOW THAT
SHE DREAM
OF FIS-

I RECKON
LENA'S
HAPPY,
A'GITTIN'
MARRIED
WITH
YOU.

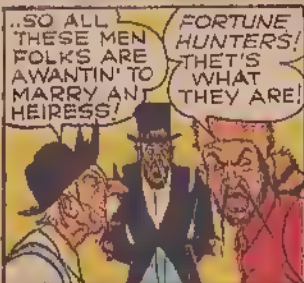


SHUCKS, I AIN'T TOLD
HER YET..I THOUGHT
I'D SORTA
SURPRISE
'ER!



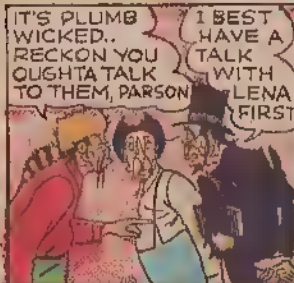
TARNATION! WHAT'S
A-GOIN' ON
HERE?

LENA'S
DREAMT
'BOUT FISH
AND THE
MEANS SHE'S
ACOMIN'
INTO MONEY



..SO ALL
THESE MEN
FOLKS ARE
AWANTIN' TO
MARRY AN
HEIRESS!

FORTUNE
HUNTERS!
THEY'S
WHAT
THEY ARE!



IT'S PLUMB
WICKED..
RECKON YOU
OUGHTA TALK
TO THEM, PARSON

I BEST
HAVE A
TALK
WITH
LENA
FIRST

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Maida Harrest and Stan Z. Lee

COUNT IVAN THINKS JANE IS THE RICH GRACE KENNING, POSING AS JANE ARDEN TO ESCAPE PUBLICITY..

OH! I MUST HAVE HURT MY ANKLE

HERE.. LEAN ON ME, IVAN!

I-I WAS FRIGHTENED STIFF WHEN YOUR PONY FELL...

DON'T WORRY, DEAR.. I ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP!

SHE'S IN THE RIGHT MOOD, THAT FALL WAS A LUCKY BREAK FOR ME!

I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU'RE WORRIED. IT MAKES ME HOPE.. HOPE THAT YOU CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME..

OF COURSE... I DON'T WANT YOU TO BREAK YOUR NECK!

IT'S NOT MY NECK THAT'S IN DANGER.. IT'S MY HEART.. JANE.. I LOVE YOU!

I'M FOND OF YOU, IVAN.. BUT AS FOR LOVE.. I DON'T KNOW!

YET YOU RAN OUT ON THE FIELD WHEN YOU THOUGHT I WAS HURT!

YES.. THEN I FORGOT EVERYTHING ELSE BUT THAT YOU WERE IN DANGER.. PERHAPS..

DARLING! THAT'S THE ANSWER! LET'S NOT HESITATE ANY LONGER!

GIT ON YORE BEST CLOTHES, LENA... HERE'S THE PARSON

I'VE GOT PLENTY TIME!

GET AGOIN, HENHUSSY.. WHAT YE THINK I FETCHED THE PARSON FER?

OH, I'M ALWAYS GLAD T' SEE THE PARSON

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

WAL, DON'T KEEP HIM AWAITIN'... LET'S GIT MARRIED!

SAKES ALIVE!

WANT TO MARRY WITH LENA, EH?

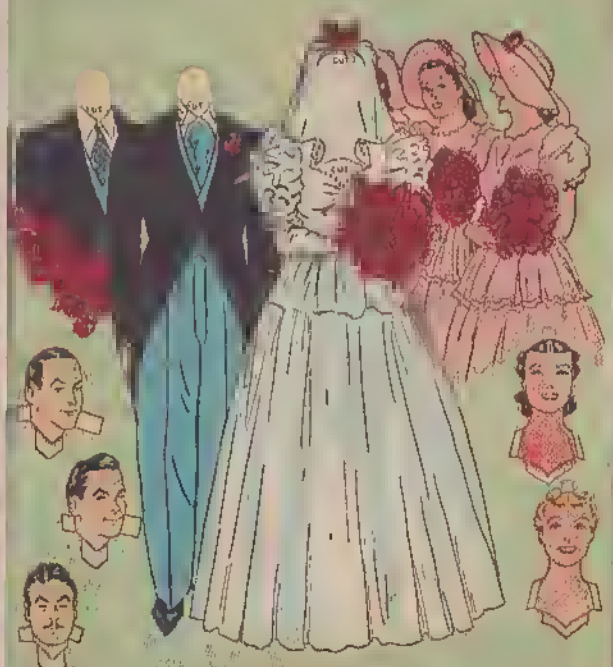
JUS' CAUSE SHE DREAMT OF FISH, A SIGN OF MONEY.. TRY TO BEAT US TO IT!

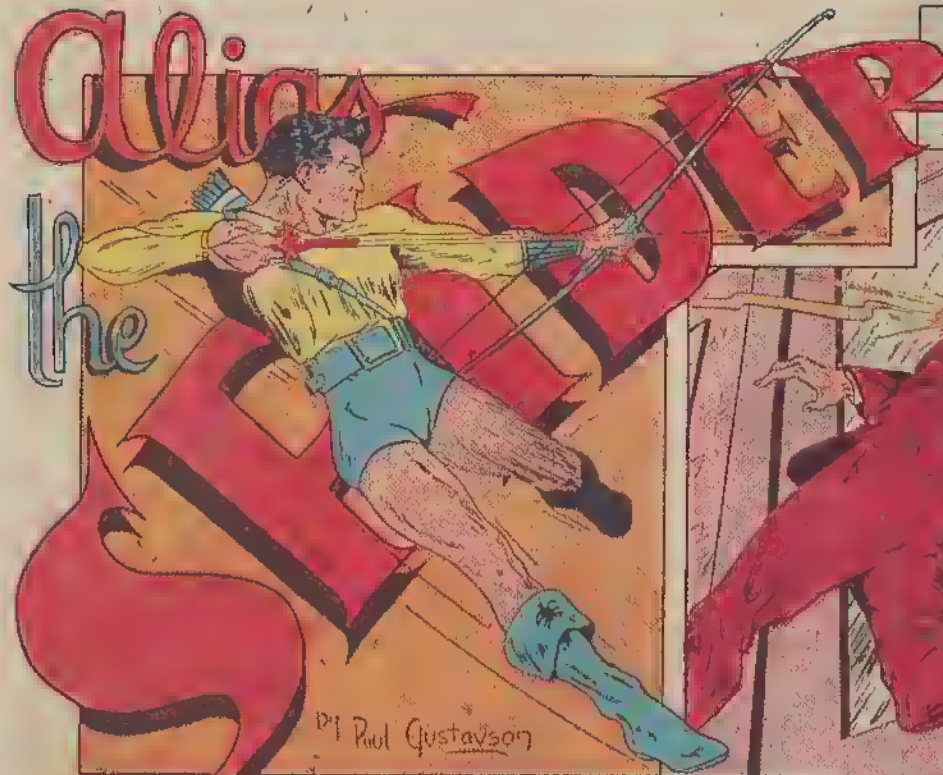
OW! LET ME GO.. YE VARMINTS!

GIT 'IM!

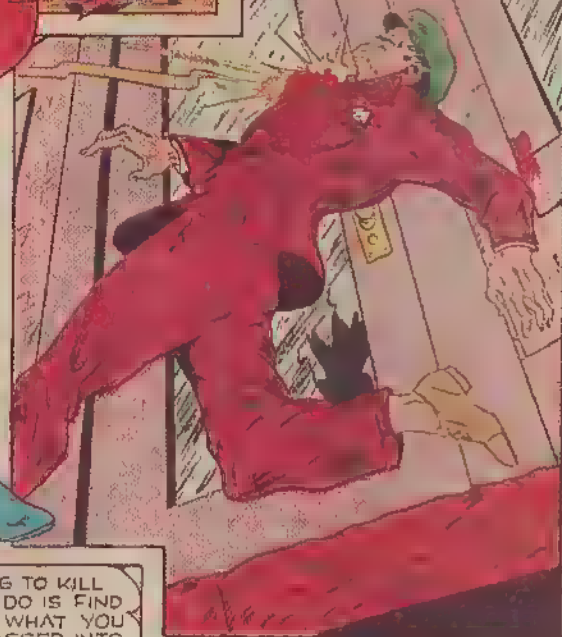
WHAT HAPPENED WHERE'S DAN'L?

TELL ME LENA.. DID YOU DREAM OF FISH?



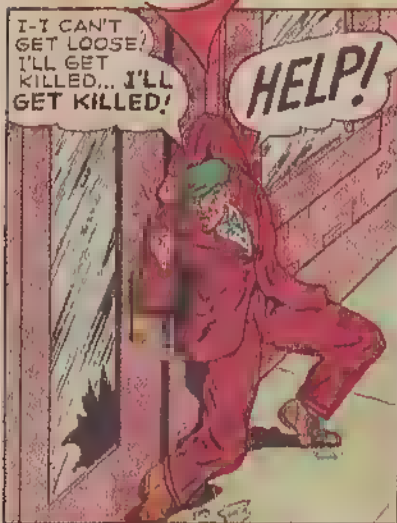


THE BLAZING SEAL OF THE SPIDER SCREAMS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR... PINNING ITS VICTIM TO THE DOOR OF A TAILOR SHOP...



I-I CAN'T GET LOOSE! I'LL GET KILLED... I'LL GET KILLED!

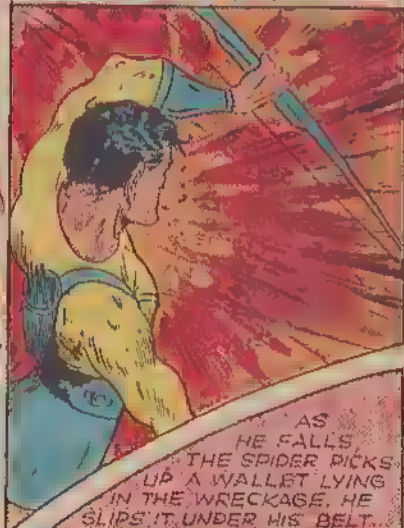
HELP!



OKAY...NOBODY'S GOING TO KILL YOU! ALL I WANT TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT YOU TOSSED INTO THAT SHOP!

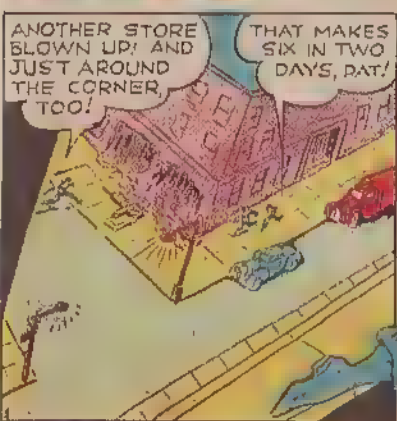


A MOMENT LATER...A DEAFENING EXPLOSION FLATTENS THE TAILOR SHOP!



ANOTHER STORE BLOWN UP! AND JUST AROUND THE CORNER, TOO!

THAT MAKES SIX IN TWO DAYS, DAT!



HERE'S THE GUY THAT DID IT! I GOT 'IM!



AS HE FALLS THE SPIDER PICKS UP A WALLET LYING IN THE WRECKAGE. HE SLIPS IT UNDER HIS BELT.

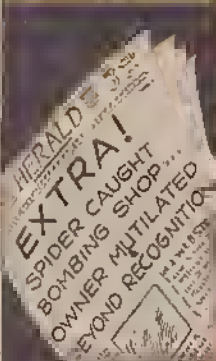


DAT! IT'S THE SPIDER!

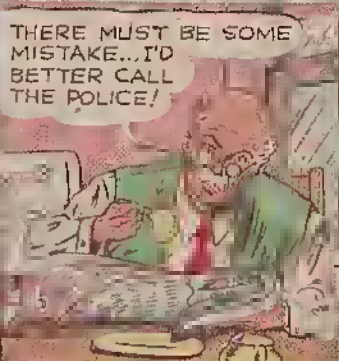
SO! OUR PAL TURNS RAT... WONDER WHAT GOT INTO HIM?



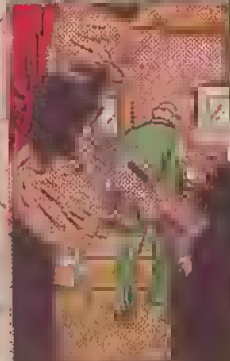
THE NEXT MORNING...



BUT... THE OWNER OF THE TAILOR SHOP REALS THE ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN DEATH...



THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE... I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE!



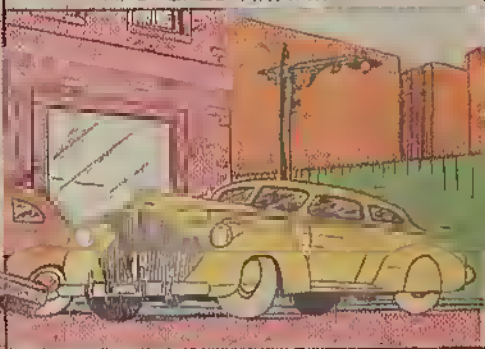
PUT DOWN THAT PHONE!



NOW... GET YER HAT AN' COAT... AND KEEP YER TRAP SHUT!



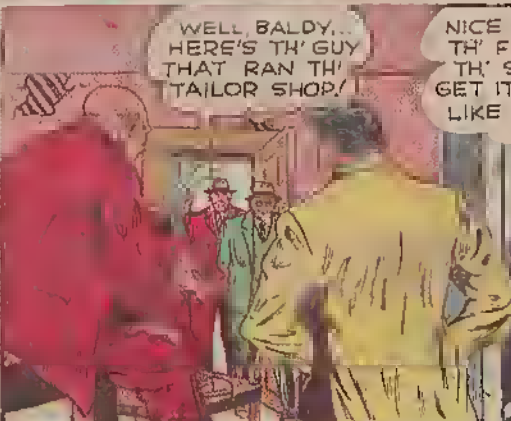
A FEW MINUTES LATER... WEBSTER THE TAILOR IS PUSHED INTO A CAR AND SPED AWAY...



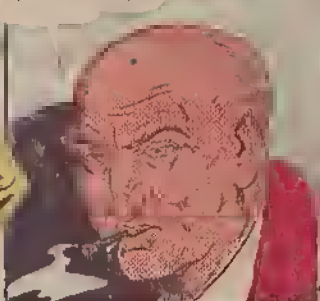
THE CAR STOPS AT A RUNDOWN BUILDING IN THE WATERFRONT SECTION...



WELL BALDY... HERE'S TH' GUY THAT RAN TH' TAILOR SHOP!



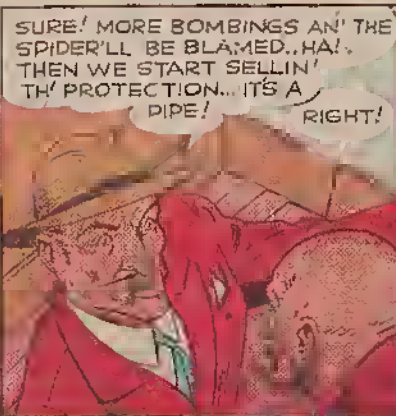
NICE GOIN'! NOW... LAY OFF TH' FIREWORKS WHILE TH' SPIDER IS IN JAIL... GET IT? THEN IT'LL LOOK LIKE HE DID IT!



IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, HE'LL BUST OUT OF THAT COOP LIKE NOTHIN'.. THEN WE START UP AGAIN!

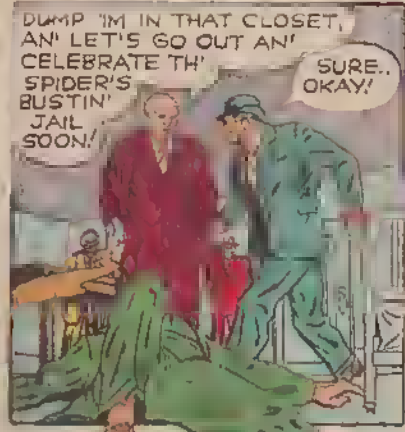


SURE! MORE BOMBINGS AN' THE SPIDER'LL BE BLAMED.. HA! THEN WE START SELLIN' TH' PROTECTION... IT'S A PIPE!



AS FOR YOU, TAILOR... YOU'RE SUPPOSED T'BE DEAD.. SO Y'MIGHT AS WELL BE!





DUMP 'IM IN THAT CLOSET,
AN' LET'S GO OUT AN'
CELEBRATE TH'
SPIDER'S
BUSTIN' JAIL
SOON!

SURE..
OKAY!



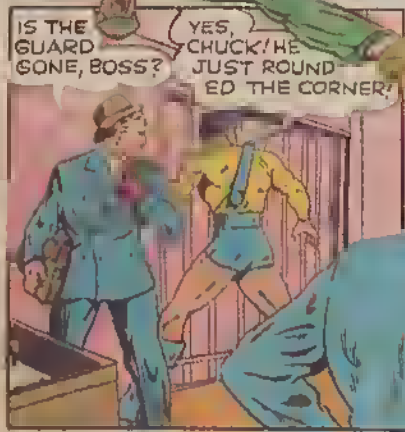
HI' COPPERS!
I'M TH' SPIDER'S
MOUTHPIECE!

WHAT? -
AHEM..OKAY,
YOU CAN GO
IN AND SEE
HIM!



HERE'S YOUR
LAWYER!

MY LAWYER???



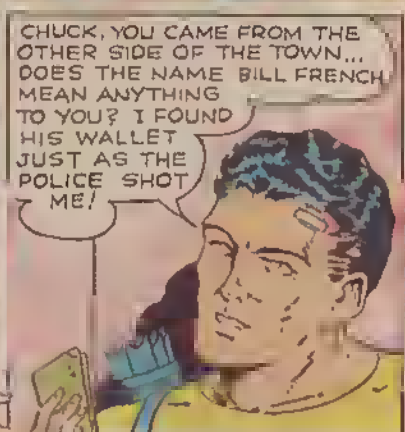
IS THE
GUARD
GONE, BOSS?

YES,
CHUCK/HE
JUST ROUND
ED THE CORNER!

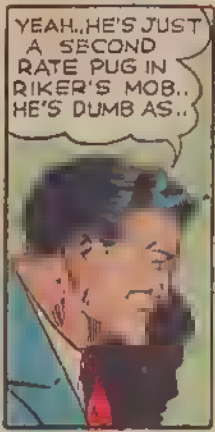


WHAT HAPPENED,
BOSS.. DID YOU
GO SLIGHTLY
SCREWY?

DON'T BE
A DOPE!
- NO!



CHUCK, YOU CAME FROM THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE TOWN...
DOES THE NAME BILL FRENCH
MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU? I FOUND
HIS WALLET
JUST AS THE
POLICE SHOT
ME!

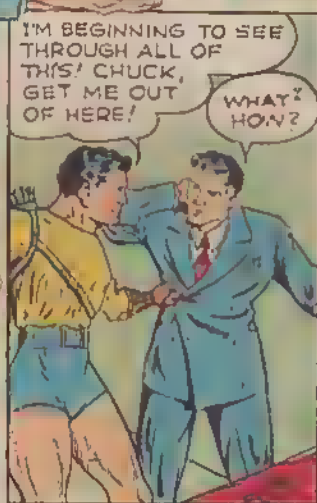


YEAH..HE'S JUST
A SECOND
RATE PUG IN
RIKER'S MOB..
HE'S DUMB AS..



IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO PIN IT ON
HIM, IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!
HOW YOU GONNA EXPLAIN
HOW ALL THESE BOMBINGS
STOPPED AS SOON AS
YOU WENT TO JAIL?

OH...
I SEE..



I'M BEGINNING TO SEE
THROUGH ALL OF
THIS! CHUCK,
GET ME OUT
OF HERE!

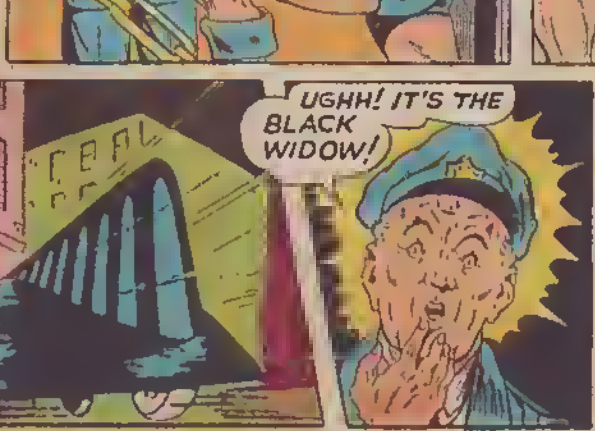
WHAT?
HOW?



YOU
FIGURE
THAT
OUT!



THAT NIGHT...
WHAT'S THIS
THING HEADIN'
FOR THE POLICE
STATION?



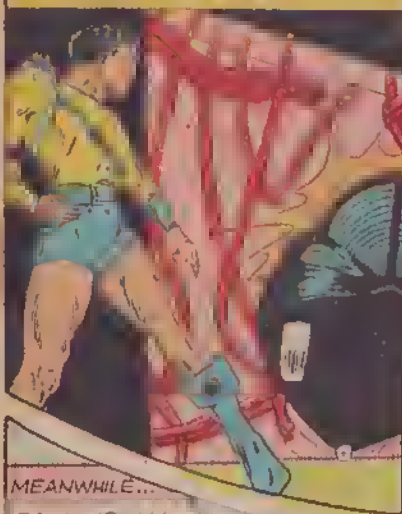
UGHH! IT'S THE
BLACK
WIDOW!



HEY!

CRASH!

AND THE WHEELED TERROR
CRASHES RIGHT INTO THE
SPIDER'S CELL...



...BEFORE THE POLICE CAN
COLLECT THEIR WITS, THE
SPIDER IS ON HIS WAY TO
FREEDOM...



WHAT'S OUR NEXT
MOVE, BOSS? TURN ON
THE SOUND
DETECTOR,
I'VE GOT A
HUNCH!



CALLING ALL CARS.. WATCH FOR
BLACK WIDOW!... HEADING
SOUTH.. THE SPIDER BROKE
JAIL...



BALDY..
LISTEN!

I HEARD IT! C'MON. YOU GUYS.
START MOVIN'... AND BLOW
THIS TOWN WIDE
OPEN BEFORE
TH' SPIDER
LEAVES!



MEANWHILE...

CALLING ALL
CARS.. CALLING
ALL CARS..



AS THE POLICE PURSUE THE BLACK WIDOW, BALDY RIKER'S MOB
BEGIN A REIGN OF TERROR WHICH POINTS TO THE SPIDER...



..374...379...383... THEY'RE
HEADING WEST ON
GROVE STREET!



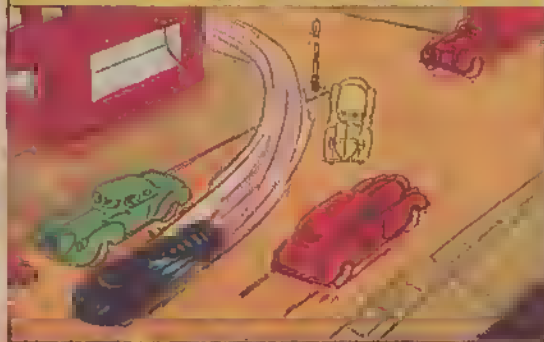
WHO
IS?

WHILE IN THE BLACK WIDOW...

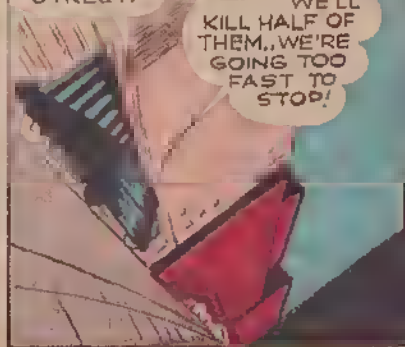
BALDY RIKER'S MOB,
HOLD YOUR HAT,
CHUCK.. WE'RE
MOVING
IN ON THEM!



THE BLACK STREAK ROARS OUT IN A
TERRIFIC BURST OF SPEED AS IT HEADS
FOR GROVE STREET...



JUMPING CATFISH.. LOOK AT
THAT CROWD IN THE
STREET!



WE'LL
KILL HALF OF
THEM.. WE'RE
GOING TOO
FAST TO
STOP!

TO AVOID CERTAIN DISASTER
FOR THE CROWD, THE SPIDER
HEADS THE ZOOMING BLACK
WIDOW FOR THE BUILDING
ACROSS THE STREET...



AND ROARS UP
ITS SIDE!



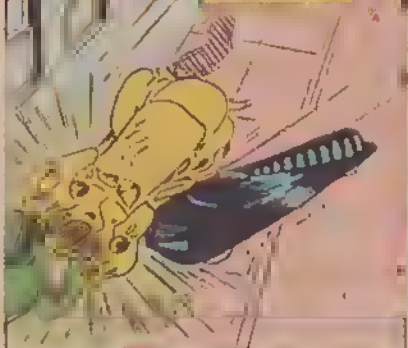
WE MISSED
THEM, CHUCK!
NOW TO FIND
RIKER'S BUSY
RATS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE
BLACK WIDOW DRAWS UP
BEHIND THE RIKER MOB'S CAR...



AND IN A DEAFENING CRASH
SENDS IT INTO A NEARBY
BUILDING!

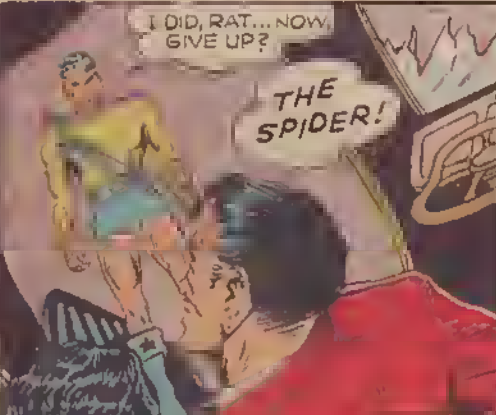


OOOH...W-WHAT
HIT US?

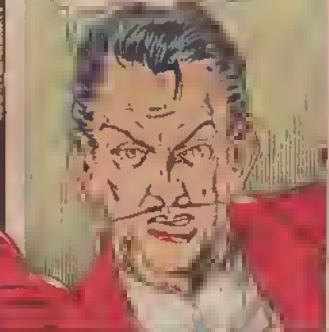


I DID, RAT... NOW,
GIVE UP?

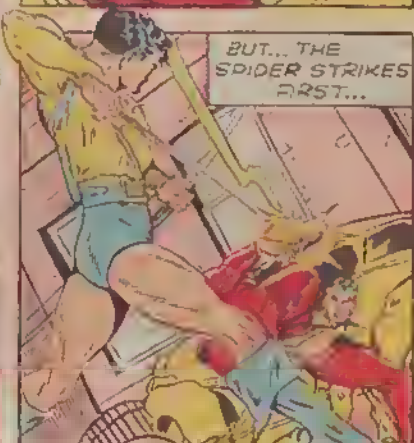
THE
SPIDER!



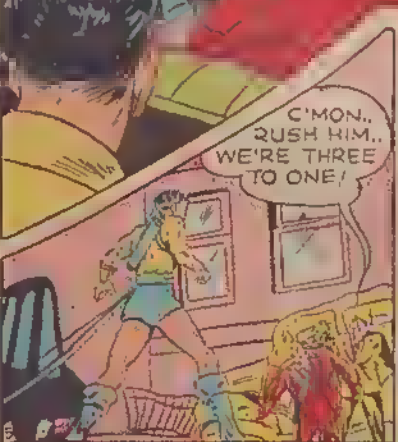
I DON'T QUIT WITH
THIS ROD IN MY
HAND, CHUMP!



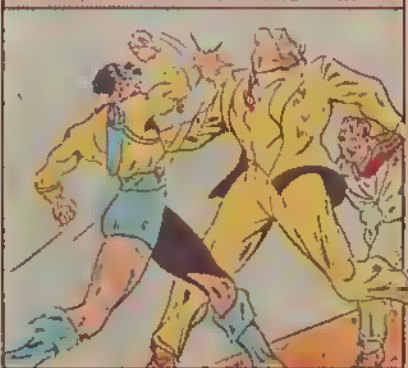
BUT... THE
SPIDER STRIKES
FIRST...



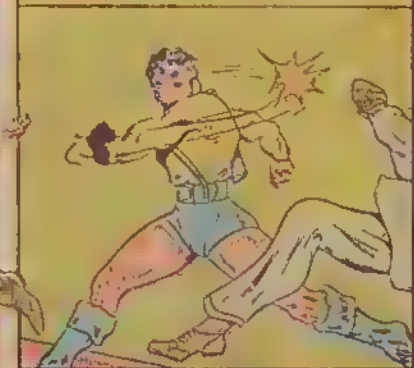
C'MON..
RUSH HIM..
WE'RE THREE
TO ONE!



BLOWS PACKED WITH DYNAMITE
MEET RIKER'S THUGS...



AND BEFORE LONG THEY ARE
SPRAWLING IN THE STREET...



YOU'RE NOT DOING AS MUCH RUSHING AS YOU THOUGHT, EH, BOY?



THAT'LL HOLD YOU!

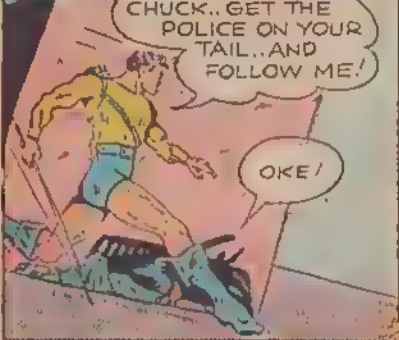


I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

SO...NUMBER THREE IS LEAVING...AND IF MY GUESS ISN'T WRONG, HE'S GOING TO LEAD ME TO RIKER!



CHUCK.. GET THE POLICE ON YOUR TAIL...AND FOLLOW ME!



OKE!

A SHORT TIME LATER RIKER'S GUNMAN ENTERS THE HIDEOUT...FOLLOWED BY THE SPIDER...



TH' SPIDER! HE GOT NICK AN' TRIGGER!



TH' DOG! WHERE'S ME ROD, I'LL TAKE CARE O'HIM MYSELF!

AS RIKER GOES FOR HIS GUN...



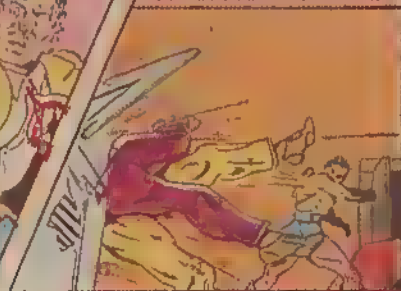
THE OLD TAILOR WHO I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED...HMM... WON'T THE POLICE LIKE THIS!



SO YOU'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF ME, EH?



THE SPIDER SENDS THE TWO GUNMEN CRASHING INTO A CLOSET...THE BROKEN DOOR REVEALS A BODY...



BALDY RIKER! AND WEBSTER THE TAILOR..HE WASN'T KILLED IN THAT BLAST AT ALL!

YEAH! SOMEDAY THAT SPIDER WILL LET US IN ON SOMETHIN'!



HEY, BOSS.. TH' COPS ARE COMIN'! I HID TH' BLACK WIDOW IN AN ALLEY AN' MADE 'EM CHASE ME UP HERE!

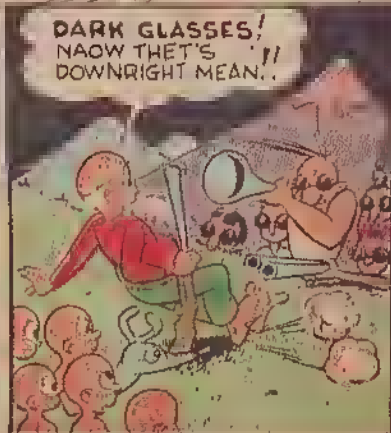
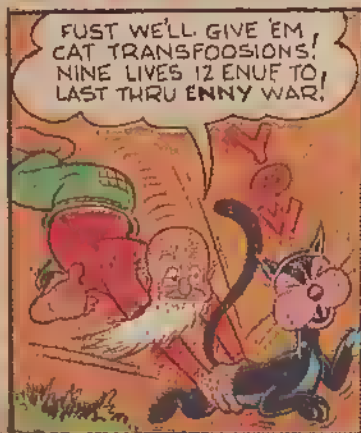
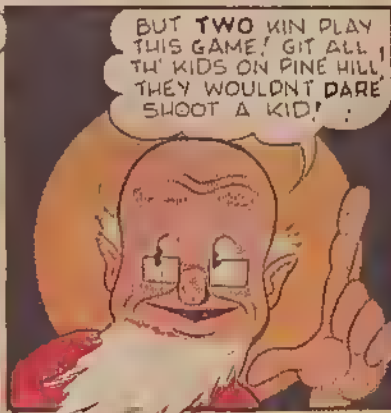
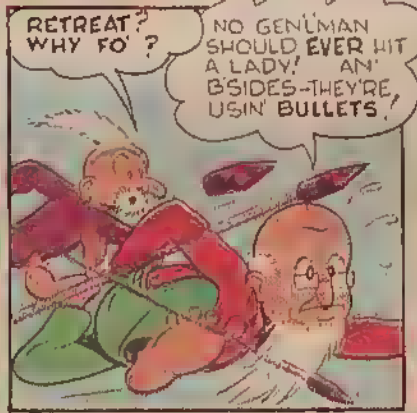
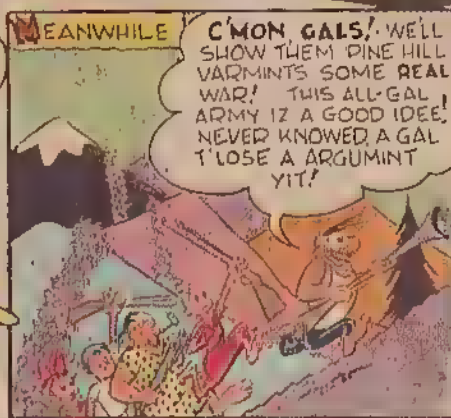
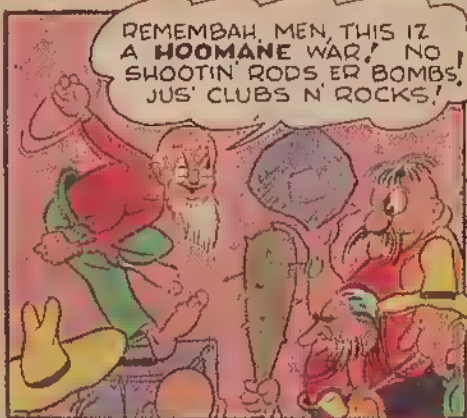
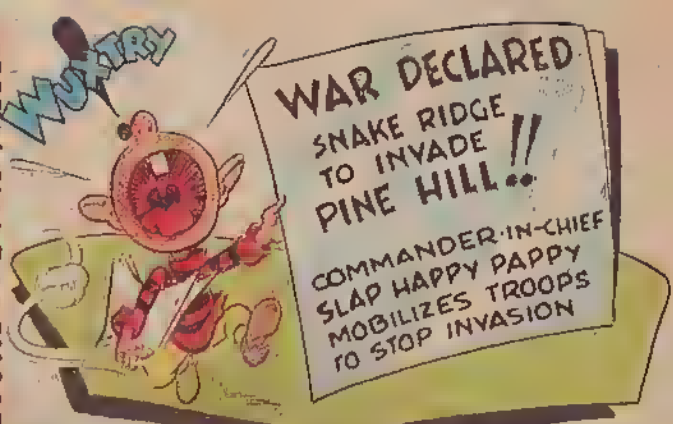
OKAY, CHUCK..OUT THE WINDOW AND OVER THE ROOFS!

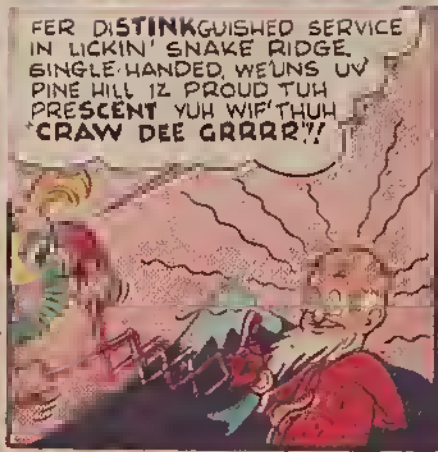
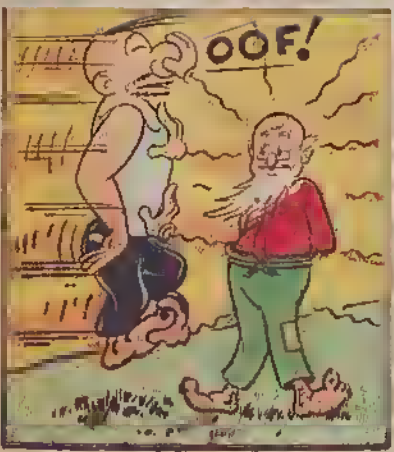
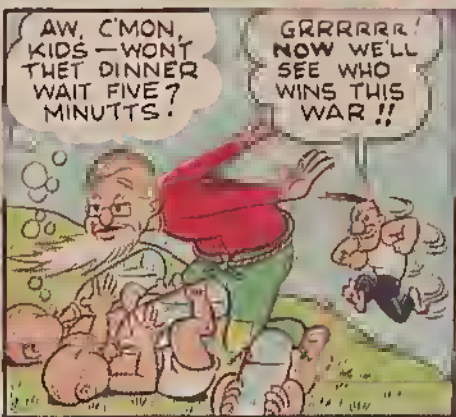
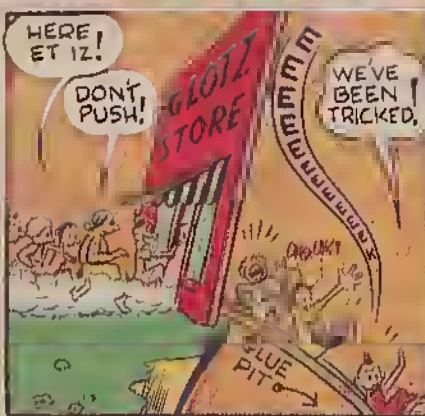


More thrilling exploits of Alias the Spider in the February issue.

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

RALPH JOHNS





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

HER NAME IS DODE FRONEY!

BOY! HAVE I MET A GIRL!
AND DOES SHE GO FOR
ME IN A GIGANTIC
WAY - WOW!

SHE
MUST BE
PRETTY, FAIR-
YOU DON'T USUALLY
GET SO ENTHUSIASTIC,
BUD

DODE FRONEY-
WHERE HAVE
THAT NAME?

WELL, I'M AWAY - IF SHE CALLS
TELL HER I'LL BE
HERE AS FAST
AS MY TINY
FEET WILL
CARRY ME!

SO
LONG,
BASHFUL

COACH, HAVEN'T I
HEARD YOU SPEAK
OF DODE FRONEY?
WHO IS SHE?

DODE IS A
MENACE - I HAVE
QUITE A TIME
GETTING HER TO
LET MY FOOTBALL
PLAYERS ALONE

I'LL
GET IT,
COACH

I'LL TAKE IT -
I'M EXPECTING
A CALL

NO, BUD LEFT HERE A
FEW MINUTES AGO -
WHOM SHALL I SAY
CALLED? WHOM -
-HELLO - HELLO!

HMMM - I'M
SURE IT WAS
DODE FRONEY
- BUD SHEKELS
EH? HMMMM -
I'LL PUT A
STOP TO THAT
RIGHT NOW!

DID BUD SHEKELS
SAY WHERE HE
WAS GOING,
NED?

NO,
HE DIDN'T,
COACH

I'LL
TAKE YOU
WHEREVER
YOU THINK
DODE FRONEY
LED HIM

TELL THAT YOUNG FELLOW AT
THE THIRD TABLE SOMEONE
WANTS TO SEE HIM IN
THE CHECK ROOM

YES SIR -
THANK YOU,
SIR

WE'LL TRY THE
FLAME, HER FAVORITE
NIGHT CLUB, JAKE

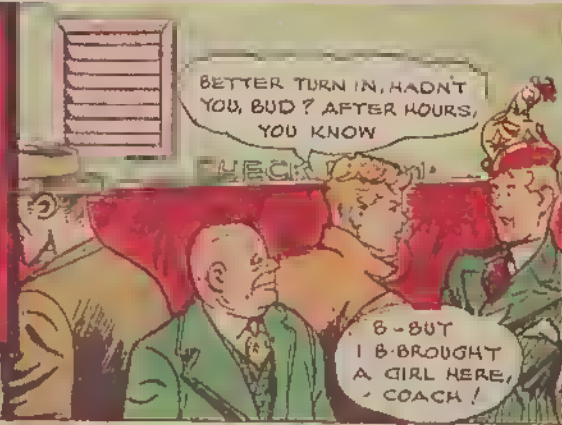
BE RIGHT BACK,
BEAUTIFUL

NOT TOO LONG,
ALL-AMERICAN

NED BRANT

By JO ZUPA

© 1964 JO ZUPA



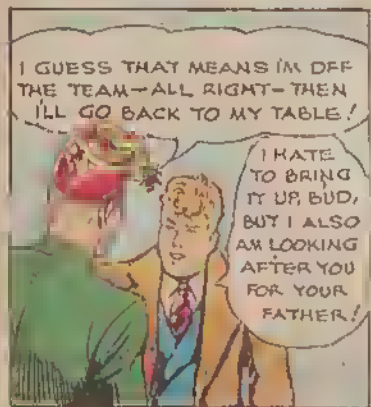
BETTER TURN IN, HADN'T YOU, BUD? AFTER HOURS, YOU KNOW

B-BUT I B-BROUGHT A GIRL HERE, COACH!



YOU'RE MY COACH, BUT YOU CAN'T BOSS ME OFF THE FOOTBALL FIELD—

YOU'RE WRONG, BUD—I WAS YOUR COACH!



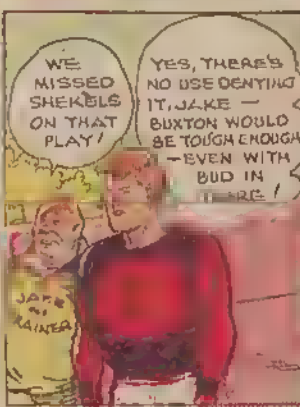
I GUESS THAT MEANS I'M OFF THE TEAM—ALL RIGHT—THEN I'LL GO BACK TO MY TABLE!

I HATE TO BRING IT UP, BUD, BUT I ALSO AM LOOKING AFTER YOU FOR YOUR FATHER!



GET STARTED, VARSITY! THE B TEAM IS SMEARING YOU LIKE STRAWBERRY JAM ON HOT TOAST!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



WE MISSED SHEKELS ON THAT PLAY!

YES, THERE'S NO USE DENYING IT, JAKE — BUXTON WOULD BE TOUGH ENOUGH — EVEN WITH BUD IN THERE!



SAY—ISN'T THAT BUD WORKING OUT OVER THERE?

JAKE THE TRAINER

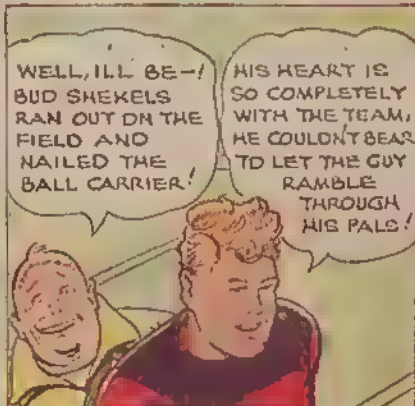
IT'S NOBODY ELSE—AND ALL BY HIMSELF—THAT'S A GOOD SIGN!



HE'S COMING OVER!

THIS IS INTERESTING—THINK WE'LL GET A LOOK AT THE REAL SHEKELS!

JAKE



WELL, I'LL BE—! BUD SHEKELS RAN OUT ON THE FIELD AND NAILED THE BALL CARRIER!

HIS HEART IS SO COMPLETELY WITH THE TEAM, HE COULDN'T BEAR TO LET THE GUY RAMBLE THROUGH HIS PALS!



OH, SHEKELS—COME OVER HERE!

GOOD BOY, COACH—AND I DON'T THINK YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!



GET IN THERE AT HALF FOR THE VARSITY AND LEARN THOSE BUXTON PLAYS!

DO YOU MEAN THAT, COACH? WOW!



THERE'S ONE BUXTON FORMATION THAT DIDN'T GET FAR, JAKE!

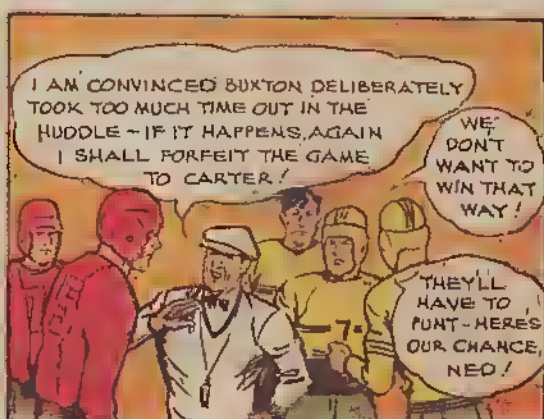
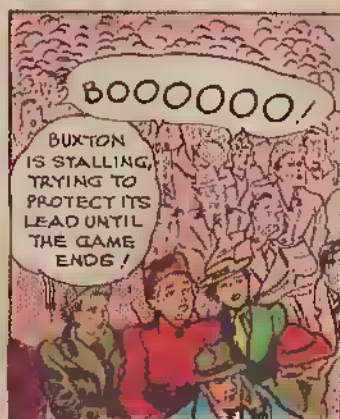
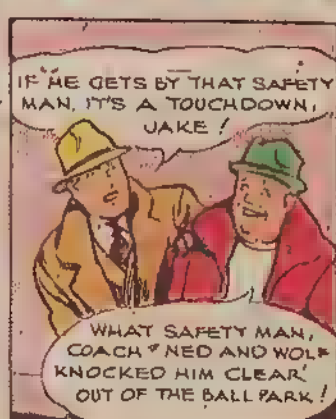
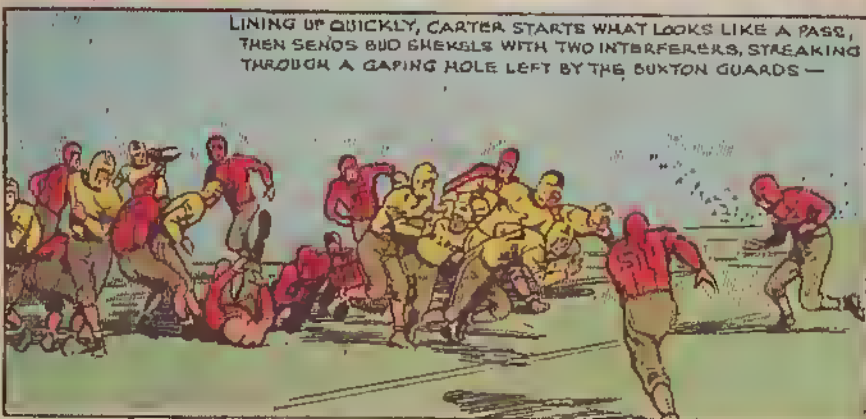
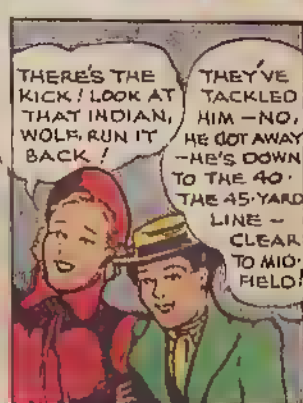
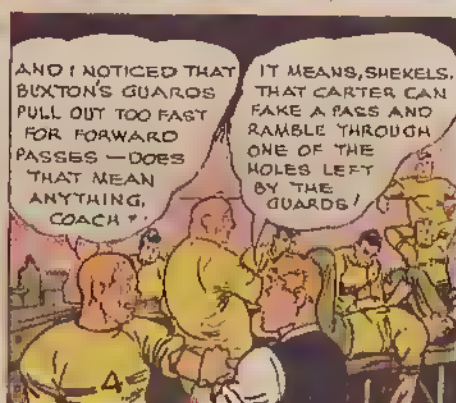
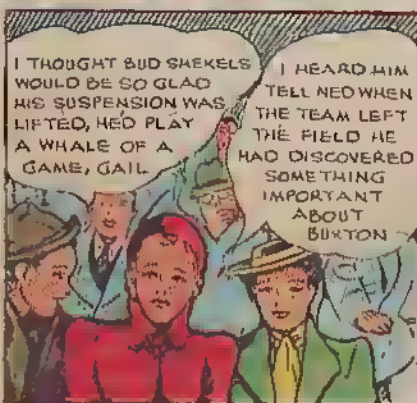
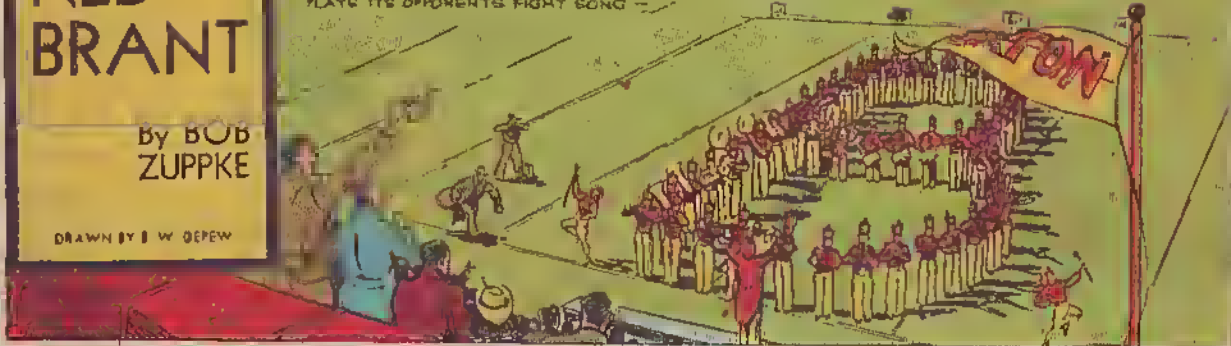
MAY I BE SO BOLD AS TO SAY WE NOW STAND A CHANCE OF HOLDING THAT OUTFIT EVEN NEXT WEEK?

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY W. DEFEW

BUXTON FANS APPLAUD THE SPORTSMANSHIP DISPLAYED BY CARTER, WHOSE BAND, DESPITE THE FACT CARTER TRAILS, 21 TO 12, AT THE HALF PLAYS ITS OPPONENTS' FIGHT SONG —



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY JIM DUFFIN

MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE, NOT TO RUSH THE KICKER, BUT TO BLOCK OUT THE MEN SO OUR BALL CARRIER WILL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO RETURN THE PUNT—AND HURRY!

YES SIR, COACH BRANT

IF HE KICKS TO YOU, I'LL CROSS OVER, NED

AND IF THE KICK COMES TO YOU, BUD, I'LL CUT IN FRONT OF YOU

THE UNHURRIED KICK IS A DANDY, BUT THE CARTER LINEMEN DO A GOOD JOB OF SPILLING THEIR OPPONENTS—

GOT IT!

LET'S GO FACES—THERE AREN'T 10 SECONDS LEFT!

WITH BUXTON TACKLERS BEARING DOWN HARD, NED AND BUD PREPARE TO PULL A SURPRISE—

CHECK

DOUBLE CHECK

DEADLY, BUT TO NO AVAIL, ARE THE BUXTON TACKLERS AS BUD GRABS NED'S PERFECT LATERAL PASS AND RACES ON TOWARD THE BUXTON GOAL AND POSSIBLE VICTORY—

THEY'VE GOT BUD HEMMED IN AT THE SIDELINE, JAKE!

LOOK, COACH! IT'S THE INDIAN—WOLF—IF ONLY BUD SEES HIM!

CARTER FAKE'S SHOUTS OIE, THEN RISE TO A SHRIILL PITCH AS WOLF, THE UNBELIEVABLE INDIAN, COMES FROM NOWHERE TO TAKE THE SECOND LATERAL OF THE PLAY AND STEP ACROSS THE GOAL LINE!

THAT'LL LOST YOU A NEW HAT, COACH!

I'LL BUY YOU A NEW HAT—SUIT—A HOME-FURNITURE! WHAT A FINISH!

LEE PRESTON

BY
Terrence
Macaully

LEE PRESTON, COURAGEOUS
RED CROSS FLYER, IS ON
HER WAY TO PARIS ON
SPECIAL WAR-TIME DUTY.

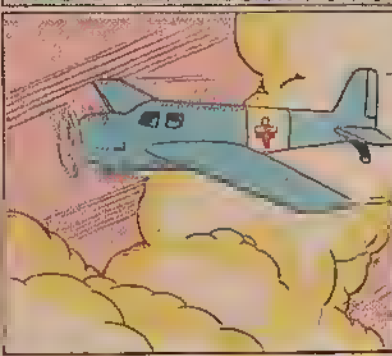
OF THE RED CROSS



THE ROADS FROM PARIS ARE
FILLED WITH HOMELESS WAR
VICTIMS.



LEE WINGS SWIFTLY TOWARDS
PARIS ON HER MISSION . . .



SHE SIGHTS THE HUDDLED
FIGURES BELOW . . .



SUDDENLY A NAZI SHIP SWOOPS
DOWN, RAINING A
HAIL OF DEATH
ON THE
HELPLESS
REFUGEES.



MANY FALL, FACES TURN TO
THE SKY IN UNBELIEVING HORROR
AT THIS WANTON SLAUGHTER.



I MAY BE NEEDED IN
PARIS, BUT THESE
POOR PEOPLE
NEED ME MORE!
I'M GOING
DOWN TO
HELP
THEM!



SHE LANDS SWIFTLY AMID
THE DESTRUCTION



YOU POOR PEOPLE! COME,
LET ME HELP YOU IN
MY PLANE, THERE WILL
BE AID FOR YOU IN
LONDON!



NOBLE SACRIFICES ARE MADE
AS THOSE WHO DEPART AND
THOSE WHO REMAIN ARE SEPARATED.



AN OLD MAN, SUPPORTING A
WOUNDED FRIEND BEGS PASSAGE

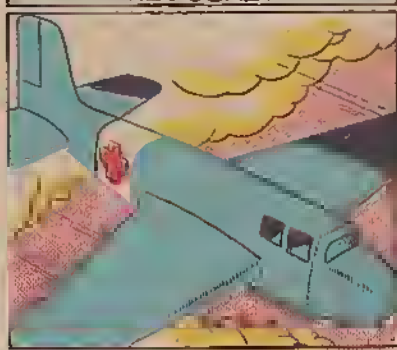


WELL... I GUESS
IT'LL BE ALRIGHT,
BUT YOU ARE
THE VERY
LAST!

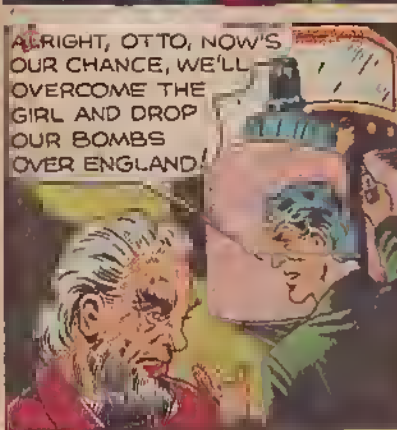


THAT'S ALL I
CAN TAKE... I
WISH IT COULD
BE ALL OF
THEM!

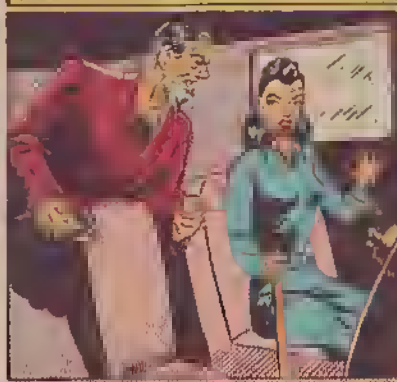
LEE TAKES OFF AND WINGS
OVER THE CHANNEL TOWARDS
HER GOAL.



ALRIGHT, OTTO, NOW'S
OUR CHANCE, WE'LL
OVERCOME THE
GIRL AND DROP
OUR BOMBS
OVER ENGLAND!



THE SPY THREATENS LEE...



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE
MY SHIP

WE HAVE NO TIME
FOR ACTS OF
BRAVERY!

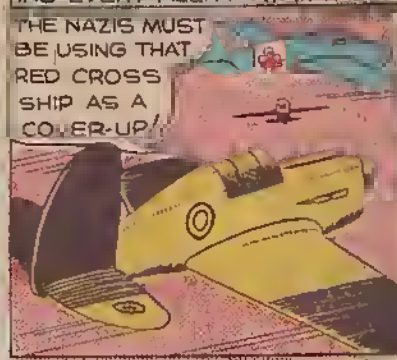


WE ARE NOW
OVER DOVER, DROP
ONE OF THE BOMBS
OVER THE OTHER
SIDE, OTTO!

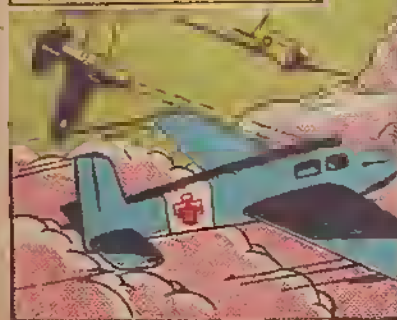


THE BOMB BURSTS, ATTRACTING EVERY ALERT R.A.F. EYE.

THE NAZIS MUST
BE USING THAT
RED CROSS
SHIP AS A
COVER-UP!



THE ENGLISH PLANES FIRE AT
LEE'S SHIP, NOT KNOWING THAT
THEY ARE ENDANGERING
INNOCENT REFUGEES...



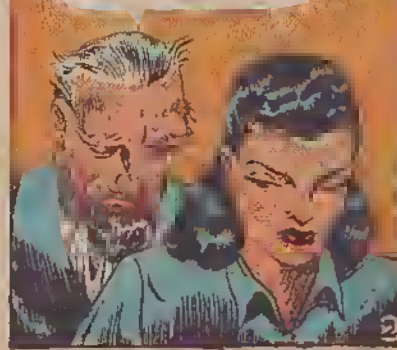
LEE COMES TO HER SENSES
AND REALIZES THE SITUATION
IN A FLASH.

PARDON,
MADAM -

I MUST LET THE
R.A.F. KNOW WHO
WE ARE, OR
THESE PEOPLE
WILL ALL
BE KILLED!



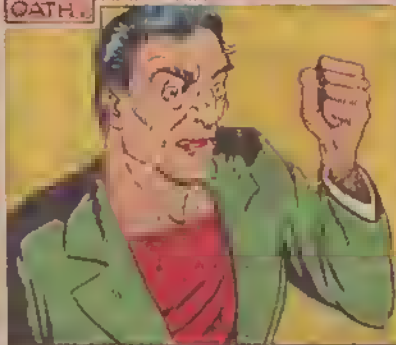
I WILL STOP THESE PIGS!
MY LIFE DOES NOT MATTER.
BUT YOURS DOES!



THE OLD MAN TAKES A HEAVY JAR FROM HIS BELONGINGS AND FLINGS IT AT ONE OF THE AGENTS.



THE OTHER AGENT TURNS AROUND WITH A STARTLED OATH.



THIS WILL STOP YOU, FOOL!



IGNORING THE GUNFIRE, THE AGED FRENCHMAN STAGGERS FORWARD.

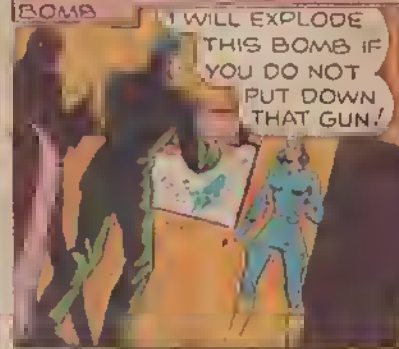


LEE, IN THE CONFUSION, HAS ACQUIRED THE FALLEN NAZI GUN.



ALRIGHT, DROP THAT GUN!

BUT THE NAZI IS TOO QUICK, HE GRABS A HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE BOMB.

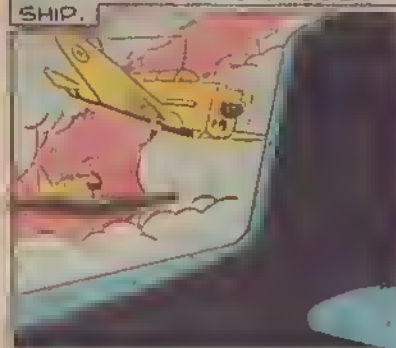


I WILL EXPLODE THIS BOMB IF YOU DO NOT PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

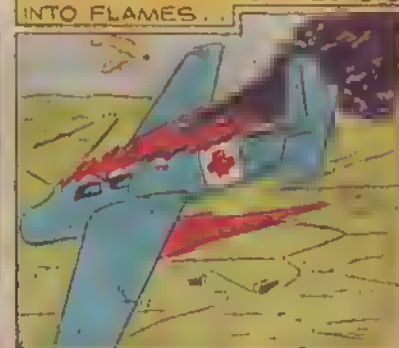
WELL, NOW THAT MY GUNS GONE THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO... GUESS I MUFFED IT!



R.A.F. MACHINE GUNS CONTINUE TO SPRAY THE RED CROSS SHIP.



FINALLY BULLETS PIERCE THE FUSELAGE... THE SHIP BURSTS INTO FLAMES.



AS THE SPY BAILS OUT, R.A.F. PILOTS PICK HIM OFF ON THE WAY DOWN.



MEANWHILE LEE GAINS THE CONTROLS.



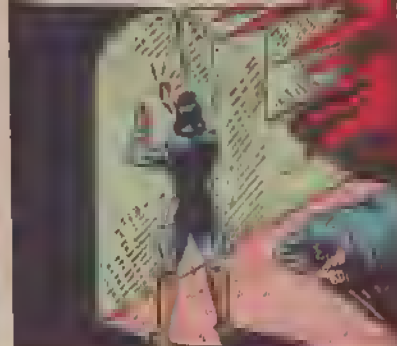
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE
GROUND ROARS THE FLAMING
SHIP.



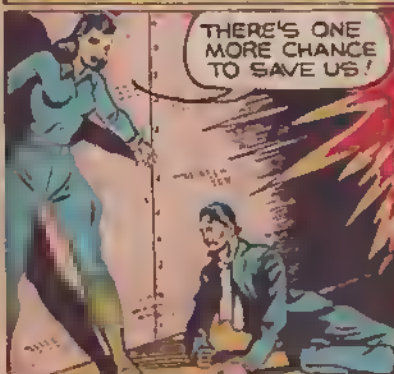
BUT LEE BRINGS IT DOWN
SAFELY AND IT GLIDES
SMOOTHLY TO A HALT.



NOW TO GET THESE PEOPLE
OUT THE DOOR... IT'S...
JAMMED... WON'T OPEN!



THE OLD FRENCHMAN REVIVES.



THERE'S ONE
MORE CHANCE
TO SAVE US!

BRAVING HUGE FLAMES, THE
GALLANT MAN CRASHES
THROUGH A WINDOW...



AND OPENS THE DOOR FROM
THE OUTSIDE.

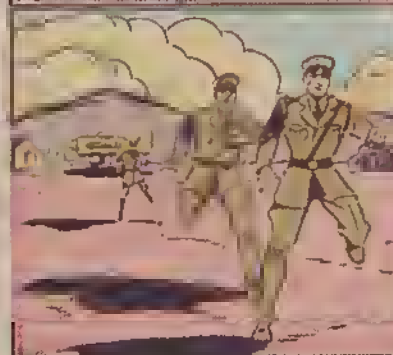


NOW, I DIE HAPPY.
I HAVE SAVED
MY PEOPLE!

ONE BY ONE LEE REMOVES THE
WOUNDED FROM THE FLAMING
CRAFT.



R.A.F. PILOTS LAND AND RUSH
TO THE SCENE.



YOU'RE MISS PRESTON... ARE
YOU NOT? WHY DID YOUR
SHIP DROP THOSE BOMBS?
WE THOUGHT YOU MUST BE
AN ENEMY!



NAZI
AGENTS CAPTURED
MY PLANE... I'LL
EXPLAIN
LATER!

THE REFUGEES ARE TAKEN BY
AMBULANCE TO BASE HOSPITALS.



POOR CREATURES,
I'M GLAD
THEY'RE SAFE!

AND NOW, MISS PRESTON, I
THINK YOU HAD BETTER LET
US ESCORT YOU BACK
TO PARIS!



THANK YOU, THE
FRENCH PEOPLE
NEED ALL THE
HELP THEY
CAN GET!



the QUOTH RAVEN

BY LARRY SPAIN



"Blast their souls, I'll make 'em pay! I'll drain every drop of yellow blood from their veins!"

Old Gaunt shook a talon-like finger at the huge, raggy raven perched on a bar above his desk. The bird ruffled the few feathers that adorned his neck and replied, in a croaking growl, "Aye, blast their souls!"

Old Gaunt grinned evilly as he regarded the one animal thing he had loved for nearly fifty years, Mike, the ancient raven, repaired the single phalaris his limited intellectual bonard. He had learned it from his master through a half-century of hearing it blast from the old man's thin lips a dozen times a day.

There was a marked resemblance between Mike and Old Gaunt. The raven's raggy neck, the bubbling, bald-head, the hooked nose. And Old Gaunt's body grew more and more rapacious than the ravenous spirit of his ranting friend. Given his choice, anyone dying in the dawn would have preferred a dozen Mike's crawling over his ravine body to a single Old Gaunt.

Heaven be praised, he has gone to his just dusty long sleep, in his last only friend, Mike. And it is in the weird manner in which passing that much of our story is concerned. But never derived a more spectacular ending.

Who was Old Gaunt? Had you raved through the village of Gauntville, then smoke-drained, ditched-up community on the edge of Gormak Mountain, you'd have heard all about Old Gaunt.

Over the door of the single bank was the legend, Josiah L. Gaunt, Prop. Gaunt owned every home and store in the village, including the half dozen woolen mills where every able-bodied resident claved his life away.

It was in this unholy community that Eric Vale, young American adventurer, found himself one dismal September day. Eric looked around as he alighted from the creaky, nutmodel bus. He had a mission, one of many. He had performed many in his few years of colorful experience. He knew Old Gaunt only from reputation—a miser who held some two thousand human pawns in the hollow of his greedy hand.

"Lookin' in a luck, minter?" An emaciated, underfed youth stood in front of Eric, a dirty cap in his hand, a look of half entreaty, half defiance in his narrow eyes.

"Why, yes," Eric replied. "Can you take me to Josiah Gaunt's office?"

The youth laughed bitterly. "Can I sure, I work for him. Everybody around here does."

It was a short ride. Eric alighted in front of an old stone house, ivy fermented and almost hidden behind an unkempt hedge of yew.

Old Gaunt himself opened the door in his knock. "What do you want?" he rasped.

"A few words with you, Mr. Gaunt—in private."

The old man recoiled. "Come in—but I warn you, young feltn, make it short."

My time's valuable." He had the way into a limited office, the furnishings of which bespoke a half century of hard usage.

"Blast their souls!"

Eric Vale's glance darted to the old raven perched on the bar above his master's desk.

"Nice friendly chap, isn't he?"

"Friendship is a friendship don't," growled Old Gaunt. "Mike knows what he's about. I trust you know as much."

Old Gaunt dropped into his chair without inviting his guest to do likewise. "Get on with it," he barked.

"I won't take up much of your time," Eric told him. "My firm has sent me here to make you an offer for your mills. Now, if—"

"I'm not interested," snapped Old Gaunt. "They're mine, I'm keeping them. You go back and tell your meddling people I won't sell, blast their souls!"

"Arr, blast their souls!" mimicked the raven, ruffling his raven neck feathers. "Blast their souls!"

Further argument was unavailing. Eric saw that He left the house with a tight picking expression in his scalp.

A telegram was waiting for him when he arrived at his hotel—the Gauntville Hotel it was. The message was brief, from Carlson, his employer. It urged a quick deal for Gaunt's mills, even if it meant doubling the offer.

Eric smiled. How ironic! Why, Old Gaunt wouldn't sell out for triple the price. But he had to sell! And Eric must see to it that he did.

The next day Eric spent in a town of the mill. He learned much about Gaunt and his feudal one-man monarchy. When he heard much him shudder, Gauntville was a veritable devil's island, in citizen living a snub-like existence without hope. Well—all this had to be changed.

Eric had two visitors that evening, and

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Belair me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the publication, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 14, 1917, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Law and Regulations, relating to the printing of this form, to wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Comic Magazine, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Edward Cunniff, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.
2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and address of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Comic Magazine, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Clair C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Fred A. Little, 4806 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa; Henry P. Mullin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgage, or other securities are: If there are none, so state. None.
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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1940.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

different intervals. The first was Mayor Goetz, whose visit consisted of a police, but pointed, warning to lay off trying to buy Old Gaunt's mills. Or else—

"Is this a threat, Mr. Goetz?" Eric asked.

"Take it any way you want," snapped the mayor, "but take it!"

When he had gone, Eric smiled again. Old Gaunt's "man," of course. All the officials were.

His next visitor was a mill foreman. He was a party-faced, overworked individual with fear, defeat, hate in his features.

"Praise heaven, someone has come to liberate us!" he gasped. "Oh, please, Mr. Vale, do something. Buy those mills. Burn them down! But in heaven's name let us leave this place!"

"Is it really that bad, my good chap?" Eric said.

"That bad? Muter, you don't know. Nobody on the outside does. He's a fiend—a murderer! He—"

"Why don't you leave?"

"Some have tried it," the foreman stated wearily. "None got far. Gaunt has spies everywhere. We are always kept in debt to him—he tries to that. No, we can't get away. Not unless—unless—"

"I understand," said Eric quietly. "I'll do all I can."

Eric made one more visit to Old Gaunt's office and came away convinced that the old miser wouldn't sell for any price. He was in a quandary. Then he thought of a scheme. Psychology, that

was it! Sometimes it worked. That night he visited Old Gaunt's office again. This time he entered like a common thief, full-filled his mission quickly, and departed noiselessly.

Carlson, his employer, arrived the next morning. He was angry. He demanded to know what progress Eric had made.

"Very little, actually," Eric told him. "But I have a plan. Care to drive out and interview Old Gaunt, Mr. Carlson? I think you should talk to him without me."

This arrangement suited Carlson, so Eric drove him to the old stone house shortly after noon.

"I'll be waiting around," Eric said, as Carlson went in the gate.

Carlson's interview began as had Eric's—badly.

"I tell you I won't sell!" screamed the old man. "I don't care what you offer. Now get out, blast your soul!"

"Aye, blast your soul!" croaked the raven. "Blast your soul, Old Gaunt!" The bird's throaty guttural rose to a shrill cackle. "Sell out, I tell you, Gaunt, sell out, or I'll haunt you in your grave!"

Old Gaunt fell back into his chair, his face gone deathly white, his lips moving in cold fear.

"Yop!" he gasped. "You—Mike—telling me that!"

Carlson, too, was beside himself, terrified. He had witnessed something that mortal man had never before seen. He stumbled out of the house, but had

presence of mind enough to pick up the contract Old Gaunt had signed, telling the mills.

Eric grinned at him as he reached the gate. "Well, how'd you come out?"

"Sweet headed Carlson's forehead. 'Maybe I'm crazy, Vale. But I tell you I've heard things!'"

Eric couldn't hold back his laughter any longer.

"It was all a joke, Mr. Carlson," he explained. "You see, it was not the raven talking at all; it was I. I had a small microphone hidden on Mike's perch. I talked from an adjoining room. Seems like the stunt worked, eh?"

This should be the end of our story, but it isn't—quite. Under the new mill ownership Gauntville quickly blossomed into a thriving, happy community. Old Gaunt died soon after telling out. He died in the flower of his hour. It is said that Mike, the raven, flew into an oil lamp left burning one night, and the old miser perished in bed. Those who witnessed the fire swear that at the ancient house collapsed, the raven, screaming "Blast your soul!" flew from the ruins, his feathers ablaze, and fell dead in the yard.

— READ —
Television Turnabout
IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE DECEMBER 27TH

OH, BOY—LOOK AT MY NEW COLUMBIA!

IT'S EVERYTHING A BOY WANTS IN A BIKE



What a marvelous bicycle this new Columbia is! Looks like a motorcycle, with flashing speed and rugged endurance in every curve of its husky frame. Look at its streamlined tank; its deeper, wider fenders, sturdy frame, gleaming white side-wall tires, those knockout colors! It's got what it takes for real he-man service and rides the road like a racer. Take your Dad to the Columbia dealer today. He knows how good Columbias are. Had one when he was a boy, we'll bet . . . because Columbias were America's most popular bike then, as they are now. Write today for Booklet B—"How to Care for Your Bike."



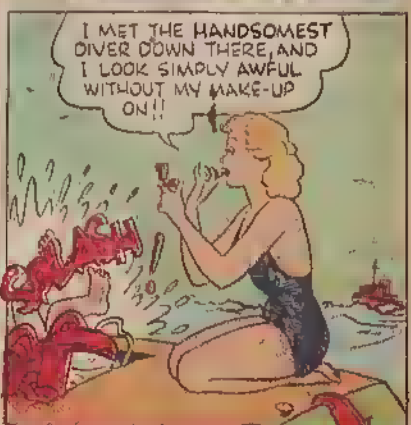
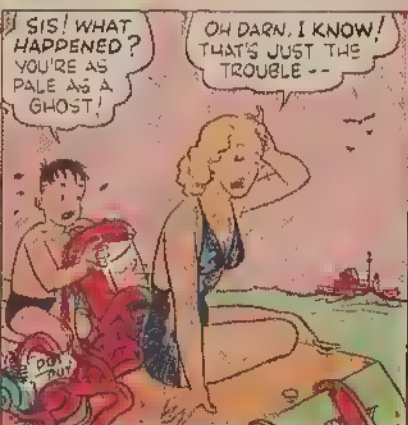
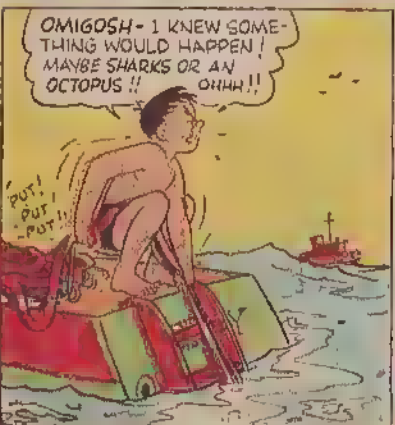
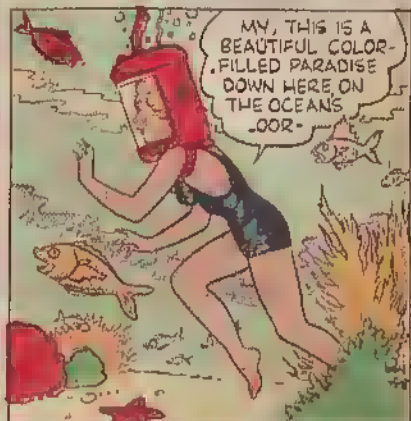
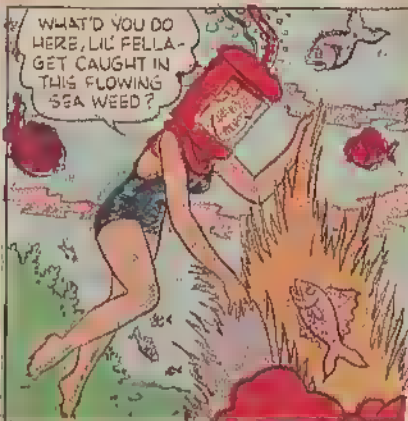
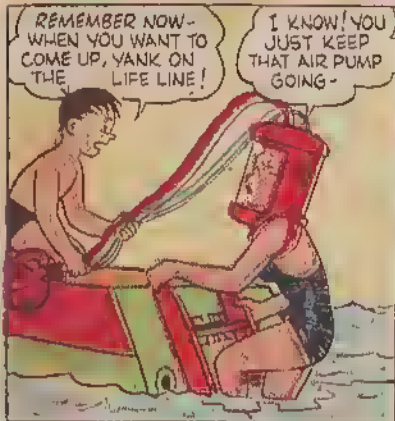
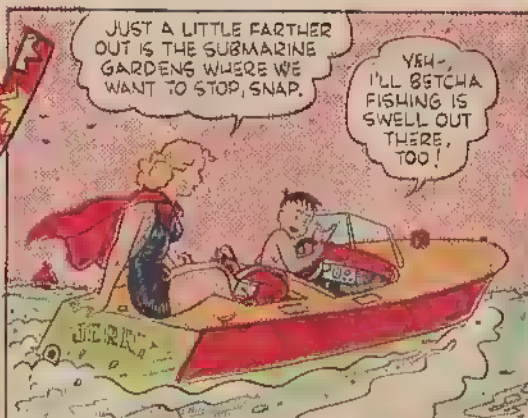
THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING CO.,
WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Look for this name plate on a Genuine Columbia—
the best known name in bicycles

Columbia
AMERICA'S
FIRST BICYCLE

FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1940

SNAPPY



WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

by
HARRY FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

HIS GROWING FAME
AS A CRIME EXPERT
BRINGS WIZARD
WELLS MANY CHANCES
TO USE HIS COURAGE
AND SCIENCE IN
FIGHTING FOR THE
CAUSE OF LAW AND
ORDER

T.N.T.
TROUSERS
TRAP

EXCEPT FOR TOLAN'S, THE
BOSS HAS THE LAUNDRY
RACKET SEWED UP, ALL OF IT!

ALL OF IT? LOOK
AT THAT! I
GOT AN IDEA!



3 MINUTES LATER, UP IN
ONE OF THE TENEMENTS

FROM NOW ON DAT WASH
GOES TO DE LAUNDRY, SEE!

BUT I CAN'T
AFFORD -

OH YES
YOU CAN!



THIS OUGHT TO CHANGE
THEIR MINDS!

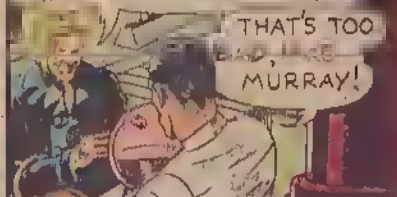


AND-AN HOUR LATER-

NEXT DAY IN WELLS' LABORATORY

MR. WELLS SIR, THERES A
SHIRT MISSING. SOME
RACKETEERS CUT DOWN MY
LINE TO MAKE ME SEND THE
WASH TO THE LAUNDRY!

THAT'S TOO
BAD LIKE
MURRAY!



MAYBE I CAN'T DO YOUR
WASH ANYMORE -

YOU'LL DO MY
WASHING I'LL
SEE WHAT
CAN BE DONE
TO THE
THUGS!



TUG, WE ARE GOING TO
CALL ON THE LAUNDRIES!



SO, WE'RE
TAKIN' ON
THE
LAUNDRY
CASE,
WIZ!

INSIDE THE ACME LAUNDRY

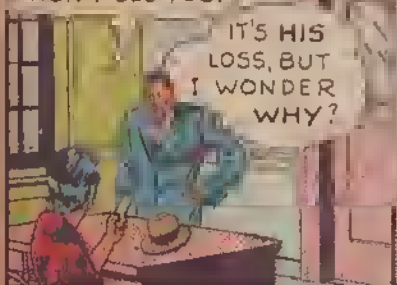
OF COURSE I'M PAYING OFF
TO THE RACKETEERS. EVERY
LAUNDRY EXCEPT TOLAN'S
IS, AND IT'S WRECKING US
ALL, WELLS!



TEN MINUTES LATER-

SORRY, MR. WELLS, MR. TOLAN
WON'T SEE YOU.

IT'S HIS
LOSS, BUT
I WONDER
WHY?



LISTEN, MUG, NATAS AIN'T
SEENIN' YOU! SCRAM!

I DO NOT
LIKE ---



LATER, AT NATAS' LAUNDRY

-BEING PUSHED
AROUND! I'M SEEING
NATAS!



I'LL GIVE YOU \$10,000 TO
BREAK UP THIS RACKET, WELLS.
SORRY ABOUT MY OVERLY-
OFFICIOUS BODYGUARD!

I'LL SEE
WHAT CAN
BE DONE,
NATAS!

TEN MINUTES
LATER.

THAT NIGHT - A PHONE CALL

YES, TOLAN, THIS IS WELLS
SPEAKING.

WELLS, I WAS AFRAID TO
SEE YOU TODAY, THOSE
RACKETEERS ARE WATCHING
ME, BUT I'M SURE A LAUNDRY
OWNER IS BEHIND THIS
RACKET, AND I BELIEVE IT IS-

BANG!

HE'S SHOT!
I WAS AFRAID
OF THAT!

NEXT MORNING, THE HOSPITAL
WHERE TOLAN LIES WOUNDED

SORRY, MR WELLS! MR TOLAN
HAS NOT YET RECOVERED
CONSCIOUSNESS.

THEN HE
CAN'T HELP

TUG, I'M GOING TO FORCE
THIS FIEND INTO THE OPEN!
I'M GOING TO MAKE HIM
COME AFTER ME!

THAT'S
RISKY, WIZ!

AND TO EACH LAUNDRY OWNER
WELLS TELEPHONES THE SAME
MESSAGE

I KNOW WHO THE HEAD OF
THE LAUNDRY RACKET IS. COME
AROUND TOMORROW
AFTERNOON AT 2 AND I'LL
GIVE YOU HIS NAME!

THERE MAY BE SOME ACTION
TONIGHT-IF AND WHEN OUR
RACKETEER COMES AFTER ME.
LET'S BUY SOME AMMUNITION
FOR OUR AUTOMATICS, TUG!

MEANWHILE

WELLS IS WISE. GET HIM
AND BRING HIM TO THE
HANGOUT BEFORE HE CAN
TALK.

OK, BOSS!

AS TUG AND WELLS
LEAVE WELLS'
LABORATORY.

DUMP 'EM IN THE
CAR AN' SCRAM!

GET
'EM!

AS TUG AND WELLS RECOVER
CONSCIOUSNESS...

AND THESE GERMS IN THE
TOLAN LAUNDRY BUNDLES WILL
FINISH 'EM! THEY'LL LEARN NOT
TO BUCK TH' BOSS.

A DASTARDLY
PLOT...

OF COURSE, SOME OF THE
CUSTOMERS WILL DIE, BUT
DAT'S JUST TOO BAD-TOO
BAD!

OUR GUYS PUT ON DESE
HERE **WHITE COATS** AN'
LOOK JUST LIKE LAUNDRY
MEN!

OH!
MY HEAD!

PIPE DOWN!
HE'S COMIN'
TO!

WHAT DIFFERENCE WILL
IT MAKE? THEY'LL BE IN
DIS LAB WHEN WE **BLOW**
IT UP, AFTER THE BOSS
TALKS TO WELLS.

SAY, DID
YOU PHONE
THE BOSS?

NO, WE BETTER DO IT
NOW! LOCK 'EM
IN!

AND, WHILE
THEY DO-

QUICK, TUG, GET ME THAT
CHLORATE OF POTASH! WITH
THIS **PHOSPHOROUS** AND
SOME WATER -

I'LL PREPARE A WARM
RECEPTION, **EUROPEAN**
WAR STYLE! NOW, GET ME
THAT **SULPHUR**.

YOU GONE
BATTY, WIZ?

HURRY, HELP ME SMEAR
THIS ON THOSE **WHITE**
COATS! WHEN IT DRIES -

NOW, IF I CAN GET THIS
SLING-SHOT FINISHED
BEFORE THOSE THUGS GET
BACK...

AN HOUR LATER...

PUT ON THOSE **WHITE**
COATS, WE LEAVE AS SOON
AS THE BOSS TALKS TO
WELLS!

HEY! MY COAT IS
DAMP!

SO'S
MINE!

HE SAID, PUT ON
THOSE COATS.

HERE'S THE
BOSS!

AH, WELLS!

ALL YOU MEN GET GOING
EXCEPT GUS. WE'LL BE
WITH YOU-SHORTLY!



I WAS GOING TO ASK WELLS
SOME QUESTIONS BUT THERE
ISN'T TIME. SHOOT 'EM
AND GET IT OVER WITH!



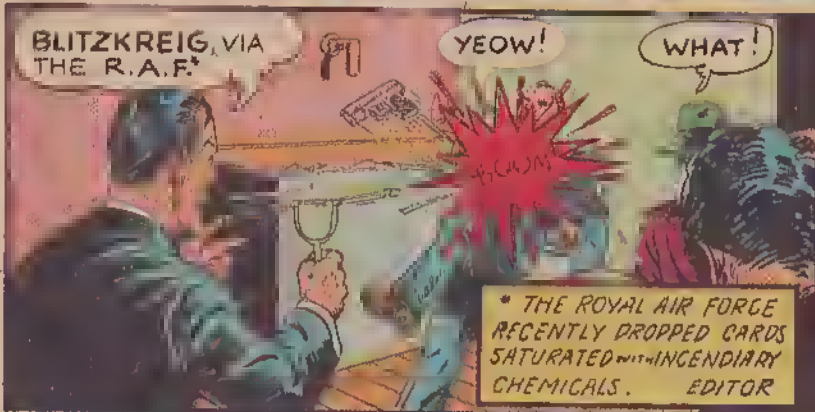
OK, YOU
GUYS-

IT WON'T HURT MUCH!

HAW-HAW!
A SLING-
SHOT!



BLITZKREIG VIA
THE R.A.F.*

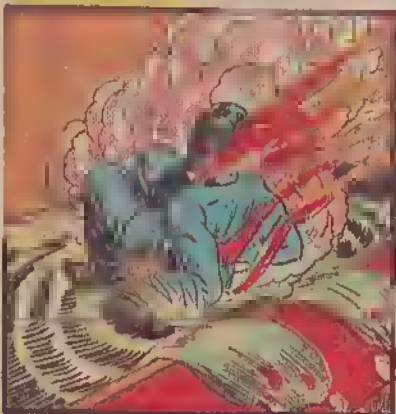


YEOW!

WHAT!

* THE ROYAL AIR FORCE
RECENTLY DROPPED CARDS
SATURATED WITH INCENDIARY
CHEMICALS. EDITOR

HELP! I'M ON FIRE!



YOU'LL GO UP WITH THE
BUILDING, WELLS, IN JUST
TEN MINUTES!
NO SHOOTINGS
NEEDED!

WAIT FOR
ME, BOSS!

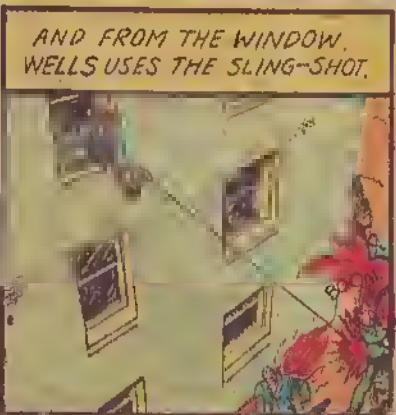


JUST SO I'LL KNOW YOU
AGAIN!



WELLS THROWS THE BOTTLE
OF HIS MIXTURE WHICH
SPATTERS THE BOSS

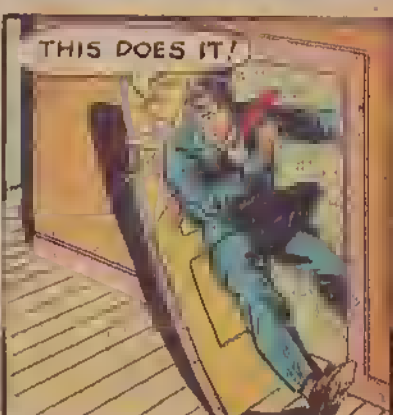
AND FROM THE WINDOW,
WELLS USES THE SLING-SHOT.



WELL, THAT ENDS THAT MOB
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!



THIS DOES IT!



THE TEN MINUTES IS
ALMOST UP! HURRY!

I'M NOT
LOAFING,
WIZ!

ONE-HALF MINUTE
LATER ----

THAT SOUNDED LIKE A
HALF TON OF T.N.T. NOW,
BACK TO MY LAB, TUG!

JACK, REMEMBER HOW I
CAUGHT MORDA FOR YOU?
WELL, AS THE D.A., YOU MIGHT
LIKE THE HEAD OF THE
LAUNDRY RACKET... FINE,
SHOW UP HERE AROUND 2
P.M. WITH SOME OFFICERS.

TUG, REMIND ALL THOSE
LAUNDRY OWNERS TO BE
HERE AT 2 FOR THE FINAL
ACT OF THIS DRAMA, AND
INSTALL THAT NEW LIGHT!

OK, WIZ!

GENTLEMEN, ONE OF YOU IS
THE SCOUNDREL BEHIND
THE LAUNDRY RACKET, BUT
HE IS A MARKED MAN!
LIGHTS, TUG!!!
TURN ON
THAT ULTRA-
VIOLET LAMP!

AND SHORTLY AFTER
2 THAT AFTERNOON

THOSE HANDS! I GOT HIM!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT--

AND WHEN THEY COME ON--

NATAS! SO IT WAS YOU!

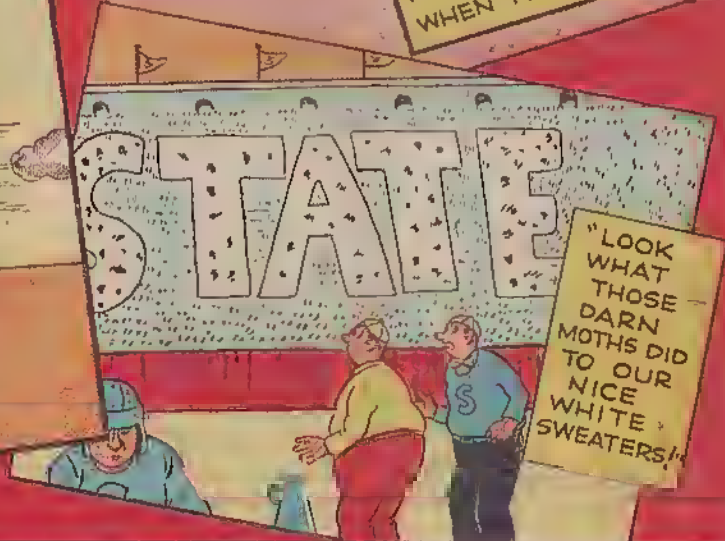
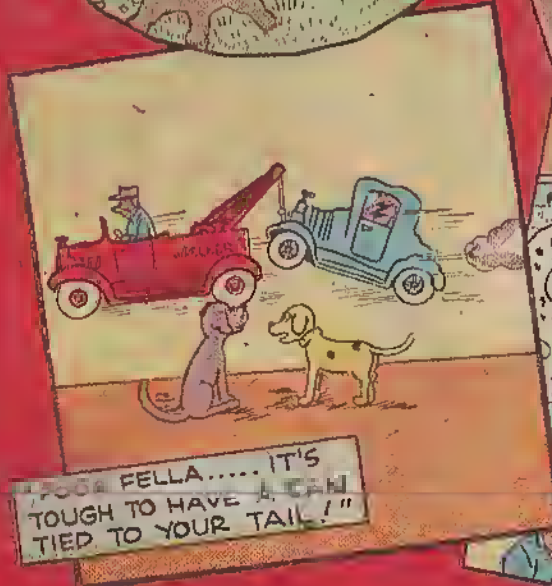
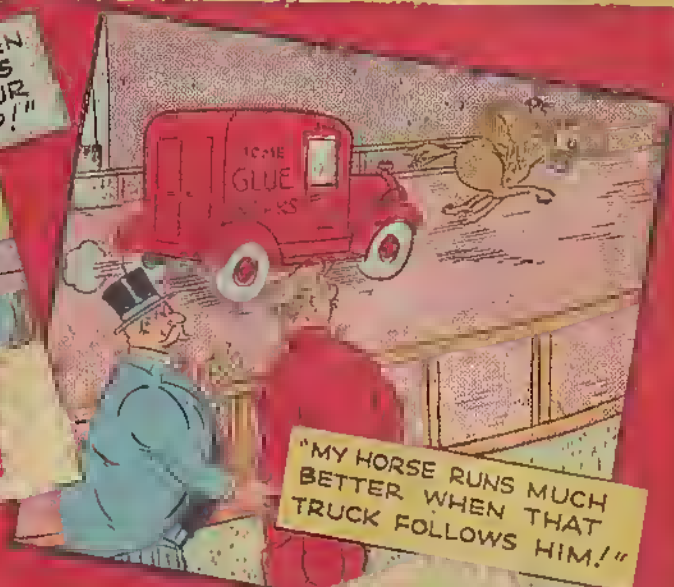
I GUESS YOU'VE
GOT ME,
WELLS!

NATAS CONFESSED HE WAS
THE BOSS OF THE LAUNDRY
RACKET. BUT WHAT IS THIS
STUFF ABOUT EXPLODING
COATS AND LUMINOUS
HANDS, WIZ?

WELL, JACK--
I MADE A KIND
OF GUN COTTON
OF THOSE
COATS--

"AND IT'S 'TOUCHY' ENOUGH
TO EXPLODE BY IMPACT, THE
SLING-SHOT SET 'EM OFF, BUT
THE MIXTURE SOAKED INTO
THOSE COATS CONTAINED
PHOSPHOROUS, WHICH GLOWS
IN BLACK LIGHT. I SPATTERED
IT ON THE MASKED
MAN'S HANDS!
AND NATAS'
HANDS
GLOWED THIS
AFTERNOON!"

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,



The

ELDER

ALWAYS DRIFTING THROUGH THE BYWAYS OF GANGLAND IS THE SLEEK FIGURE OF THE CLOCK-TIME AND AGAIN SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE CRIME RIDDLES MELT BEFORE HIS MASTERFUL STROKE. AND NOW WITH HIS COLORFUL ASSISTANT, RUG BRADY, HE COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE VICIOUS SCREW GANG—

GEORGE E. BRENNER

DAILY MAIL

STOREKEEPERS PLEAD FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SHAKE-DOWN RACKETS.

MYSTERY MOB KNOWN ONLY AS "SCREW GANG" TERRORIZES SMALL SHOPS.

POLICE BAFFLED AS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DEMANDS ACTION.

AND IN THE SCREW GANG'S HIDE-OUT.....

ANY OF YOU GUYS KNOW WHY TH' SCREW CALLED THIS MEETIN'?

NOT ME, HERE HE COMES!

NO!

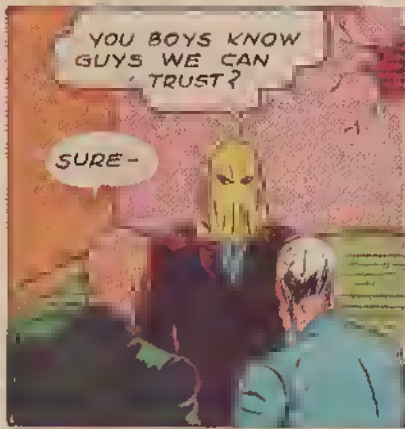
HELLO, CHIEF!

HELLO, BOYS—YOU SEEN TH' PAPERS?

WELL, TH' WAY EVERYONE'S YELLIN' FOR OUR HIDES, TH' POLICE WON'T LET DOWN TILL THEYVE PUT US ALL IN TH' COOLER—AN' I HAVE AN IDEA!

SOME OF YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO LAY LOW FOR AWHILE AN' WE'LL GET NEW MEN TO TAKE YOUR PLACES—THAT'S JUST IN CASE YOUR FACES GET TOO WELL KNOWN MAKIN' TH' ROUNDS!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!



YOU BOYS KNOW
GUYS WE CAN
TRUST?

SURE-

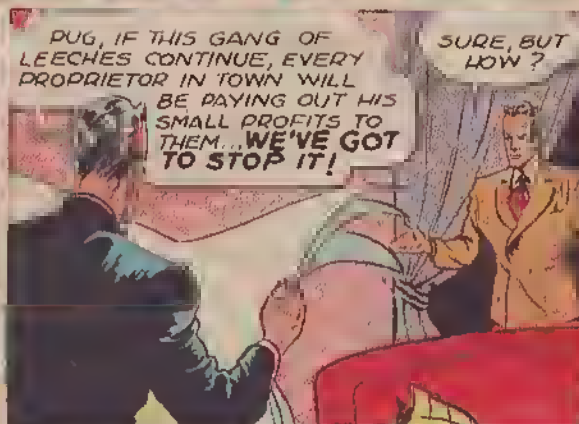


BULL RICHY AIN'T
NEVER WORKED THIS
PART OF THE COUNTRY-
HE'S PLENTY
TOUGH TOO!



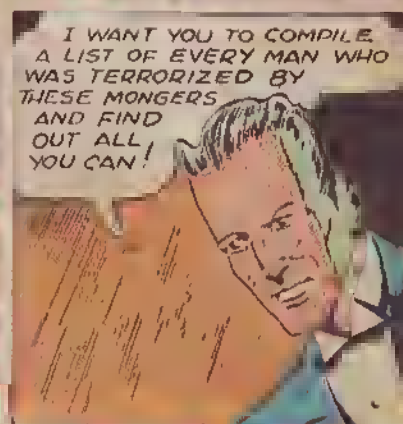
GOOD! HAVE HIM REPORT
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. I'LL
HAVE HIM SOME N W
"CUSTOMERS"
TO WORK ON
WHEN I
RETURN!

MEANWHILE
IN THE HOME
OF BRIAN O'BRIEN,
THE
CLOCK...
HE TALKS
WITH
PUG BRADY-



PUG, IF THIS GANG OF
LEECHES CONTINUE, EVERY
PROPRIETOR IN TOWN WILL
BE PAYING OUT HIS
SMALL PROFITS TO
THEM... **WE'VE GOT
TO STOP IT!**

SURE, BUT
HOW?



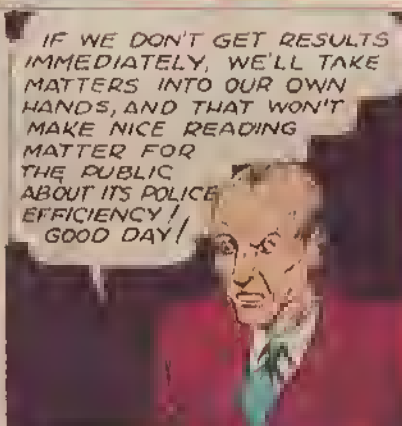
I WANT YOU TO COMPILE
A LIST OF EVERY MAN WHO
WAS TERRORIZED BY
THESE MONGERS
AND FIND
OUT ALL
YOU CAN!

AT THE SAME TIME DAVID GRATTEN,
HEAD OF THE CHAMBER OF COM-
MERCE, CONFERS WITH CAPTAIN
KANE IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

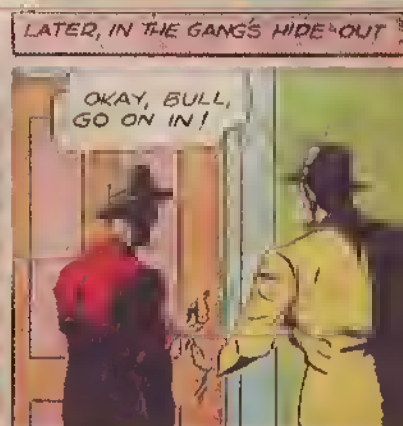


WE'RE DOING
EVERYTHING WE
CAN, MR.
GRATTEN!

THAT'S NOT
ENOUGH-



IF WE DON'T GET RESULTS
IMMEDIATELY, WE'LL TAKE
MATTERS INTO OUR OWN
HANDS, AND THAT WON'T
MAKE NICE READING
MATTER FOR
THE PUBLIC
ABOUT ITS POLICE
EFFICIENCY!
GOOD DAY!



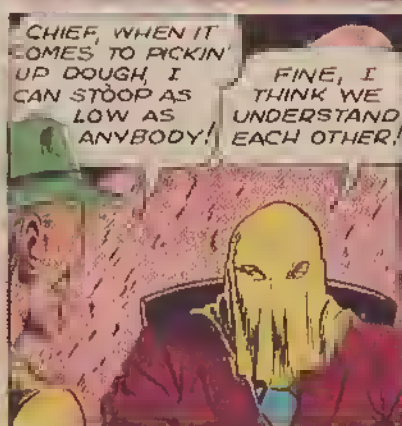
LATER, IN THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT

OKAY, BULL,
GO ON IN!



HI'YA,
CHIEF!

HELLO, BULL, HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO PICK UP A
LITTLE EXTRA
MONEY?



CHIEF, WHEN IT
COMES TO PICKIN'
UP DOUGH, I
CAN STOOP AS
LOW AS
ANYBODY!

FINE, I
THINK WE
UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER!



I'VE ALREADY SENT A
STUBBORN CLIENT HIS LAST
WARNING, I WANT YOU TO
COLLECT HIS DUES-
**PUT THE
SCREWS
ON HIM!**

IN THE SHOP OF THE MAN
WHO REFUSES TO PAY--

THOSE CROOKS! THEY
WANT MY HARD-EARNED
MONEY!



I WON'T GIVE
THEM IT! I WON'T!
I WON'T!!

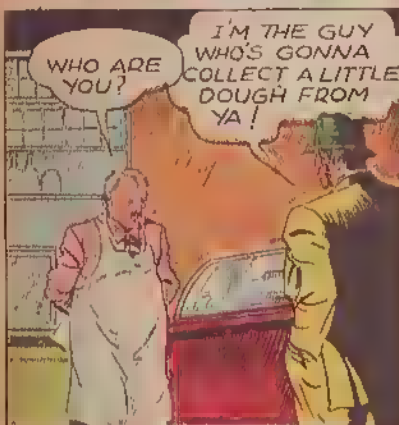


YOU WON'T
WHAT, BUDDY?



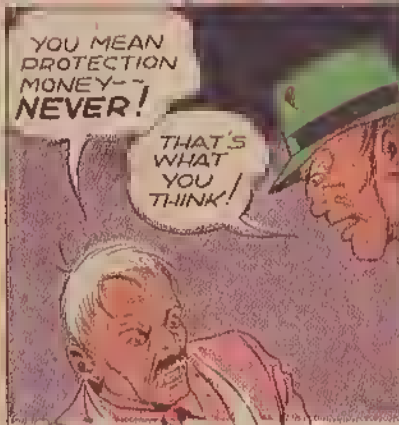
WHO ARE
YOU?

I'M THE GUY
WHO'S GONNA
COLLECT A LITTLE
DOUGH FROM
YA!



YOU MEAN
PROTECTION
MONEY--
NEVER!

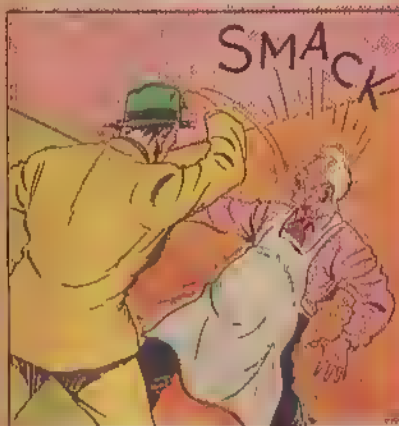
THAT'S
WHAT
YOU
THINK!



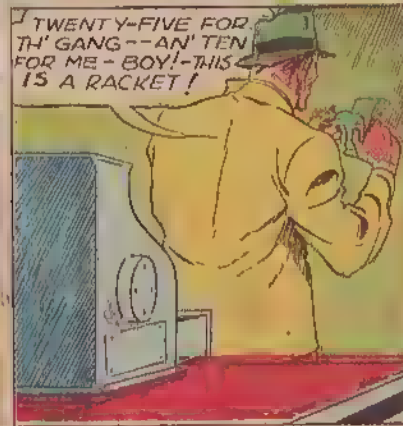
SAP



SMACK



NEXT TIME YOU'LL
PAY WITHOUT ANY
TROUBLE - NOW I'LL
TAKE WHAT HE OWES OUT
OF TH' TILL!



TWENTY-FIVE FOR
TH' GANG--AN' TEN
FOR ME - BOY!-THIS
IS A RACKET!

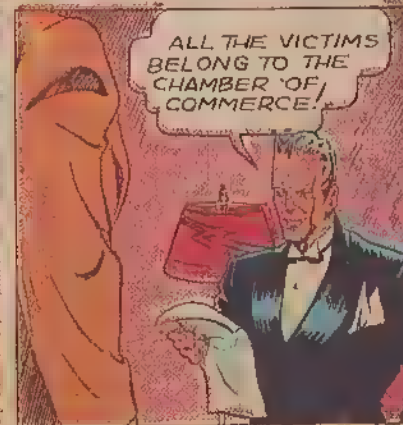
MEANWHILE,
PUG HAS
RETURNED
WITH THE
DATA
HE WAS
SENT OUT
TO COLLECT.



PUG, ALL THESE
PROTECTION CASES ARE
ALIKE IN ONE
RESPECT!

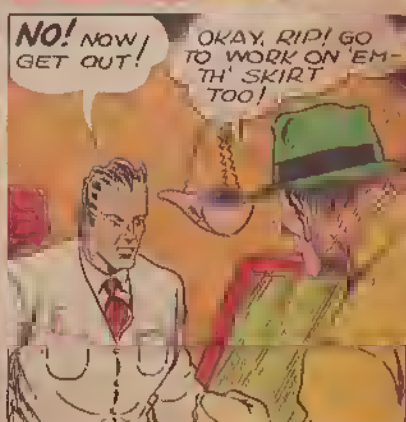
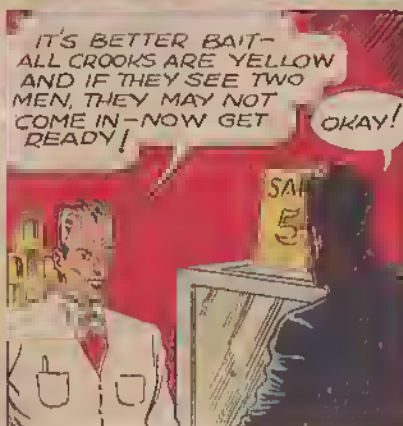
HOW'S
THAT?

ALL THE VICTIMS
BELONG TO THE
CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE.

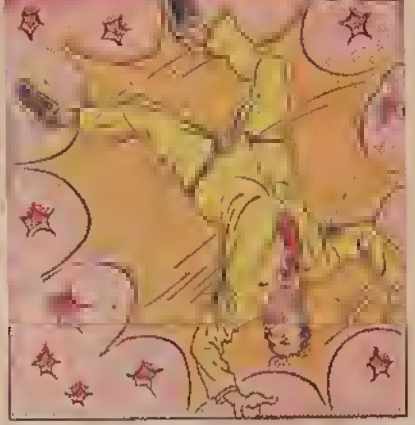




TWO DAYS LATER THE CLOCK AND PUG PREPARE FOR THE GRAND OPENING OF THEIR STORE.



NEVER STRIKE A
WOMAN-YOU MIGHT
GET A BROKEN
JAW!



THAT ENDS
MY FUN!

SPLAT



TALK, MUG,
WHO'S BEHIND
THIS RACKET?

I-I DON'T
KNOW-I
NEVER SAW
HIM!



DON'T
LIE!

UH! I'M
NOT!



RIP HERE IS THE ONLY ONE
TO SEE HIM, HE KEEPS HIS
PUSS COVERED, AN' RIP
IS THE ONLY ONE WHO
KNOWS WHERE
HE LIVES!



THANKS!



PUG-TIE UP
THIS MUG-WHEN
RIP COMES TO,
WE'LL LET HIM
ESCAPE!

WHY?



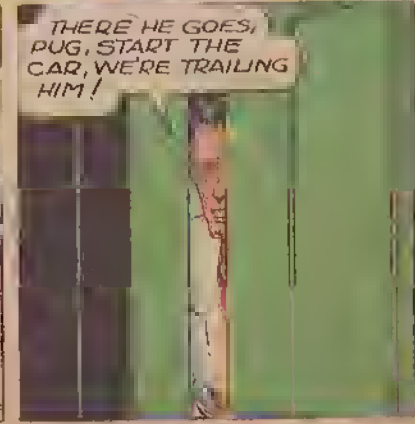
HE'S GOING TO
LEAD US TO THE
LEADER OF THIS MOB!

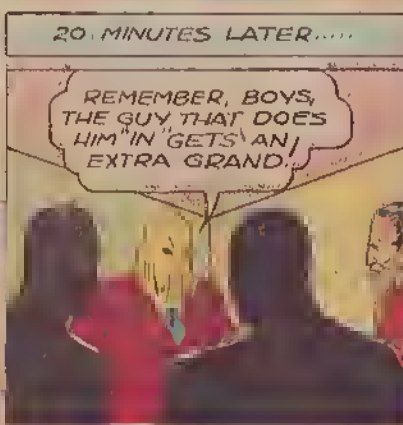
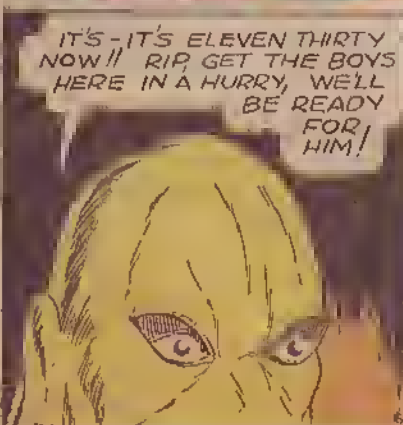
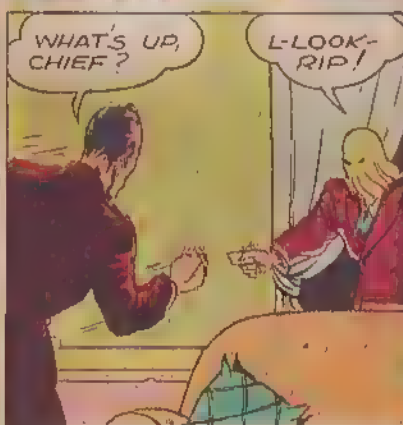
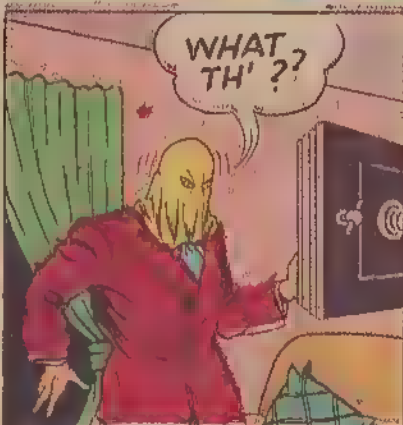
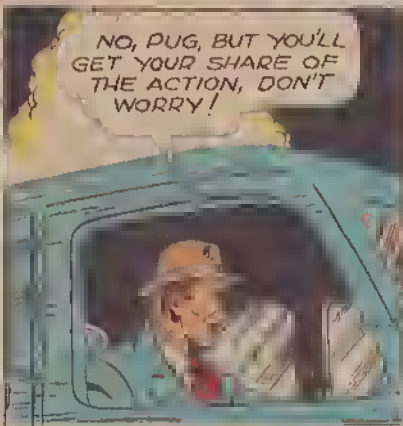
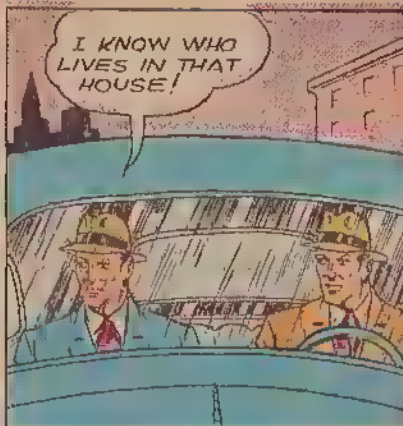
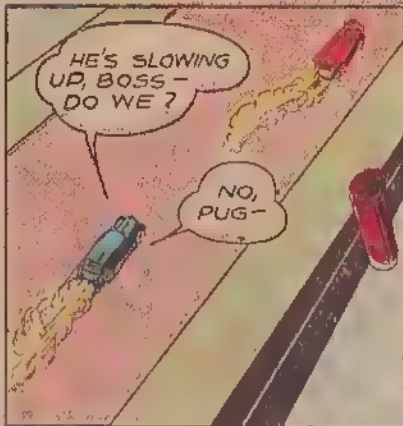


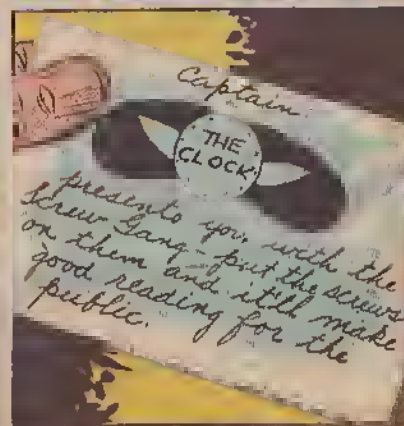
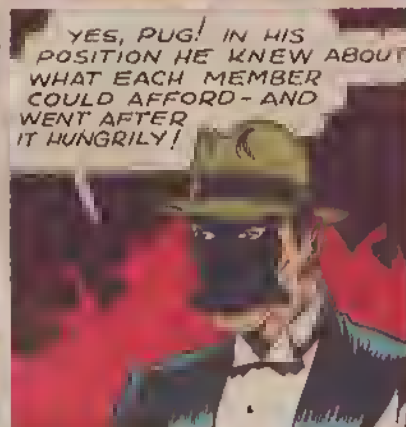
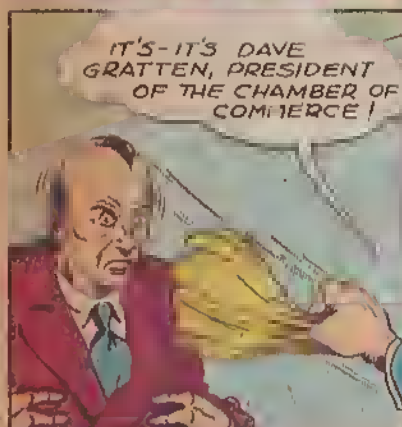
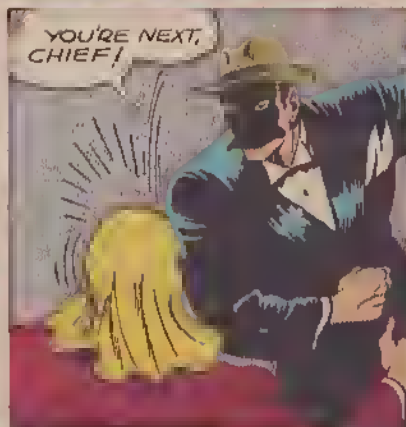
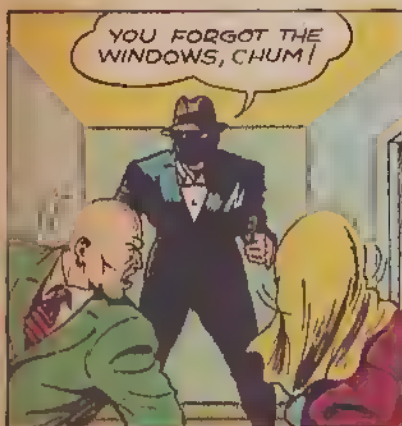
RIP REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS
AND QUICKLY LEAVES THE STORE



THERE HE GOES,
PUG, START THE
CAR, WE'RE TRAILING
HIM!







I'll help you
get a **DAISY** for

CHRISTMAS

— Red Ryder

Just send Red Ryder the coupon for your FREE —
CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT enclosing 3¢ stamp to help cover our handling-postage cost. Daisy's COPYRIGHTED Christmas Reminder Kit contains printed "messages" to be signed by you, pictures of Daisy Air Rifles, complete directions. It's real Red Ryder's "Reminders" comes with ballistics, in the mailbox, on Dad's easy chair. They'll help you get a Daisy!

NOTICE!

If you don't get a Daisy for Christmas, send this FREE Christmas Kit to get a Daisy will be sorry you got the gift for Christmas. Do NOT send Coupon for Reminder Kit after Dec. 11 — Use Coupon after Dec. 11 to get for free Daisy CATALOG only.

Here's PAID HARMEN...
See the **Adventures of RED RYDER** by DON and BARRY at your theater



The New GOLDEN BANDED 1000-SHOT RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

The Powder 300 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

Price is just below \$5.00. Shipping charges extra. Incomplete. Please see back of this ad for full details.

Double Action (H&M) 1000 Shot	\$5.00
Double Action (H&M) 300 Shot	\$4.50
Double Action (H&M) 150 Shot	\$3.50
Double Action (H&M) 75 Shot	\$2.50
Double Action (H&M) 30 Shot	\$1.50
Double Action (H&M) 15 Shot	\$1.00

USE DAISY BULL EYE SHOT
JUMBO TUBE
5¢

Here's the 1937 Christmas Gift to get —
this beautiful 1000-shot RED RYDER CARBINE featuring 301 Golden Western Carbine Ring 121 1/2 inch 1/2 inch Saddle Thong Keelbed in Ring (1) Golden-Banded Muzzle 141 Golden Pistol Sight 151 Lightning-Loader Magazine — goes in 1000 shot in 20 seconds 161 Golden-Banded Para-Plane 171 Carbine Style Para-Plane, Corking Lever 181 Adjustable Double-Action Rear Sight 191 P.D. RYDER'S Pistol, Magazine and Hammer "Thunder" Around a Pistol-Grip stock. She's the most beautiful-looking SADDLE CARBINE you ever saw. "Out West" is fast "It's A DAISY!" If you have the money now for one get it! Buy your RED RYDER CARBINE at the nearest hardware, sport goods or department store. If they haven't it let us Daisy Dealer (it cost you) send us \$2.95 and we'll mail your postpaid. (Daisy added to Carbine). Rush COUPON. 3¢ stamp for Free Christmas Reminder Kit!



RED RYDER (COPYRIGHTED BY DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.)
491 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.
Daisy Rifle 1 encloses 3¢ stamp for postage handling expense. Then send me FREE, COPYRIGHTED Christmas Reminder Kit.
☐ Check here if you want Daisy Catalog also.

NAME _____
ST. & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Send Coupon Below For Your

FREE CHRISTMAS CARBINE KIT

IT'S REALLY YOURS for only \$2.95

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 491 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Do this puzzle correctly and win a free pennant for your bike or room

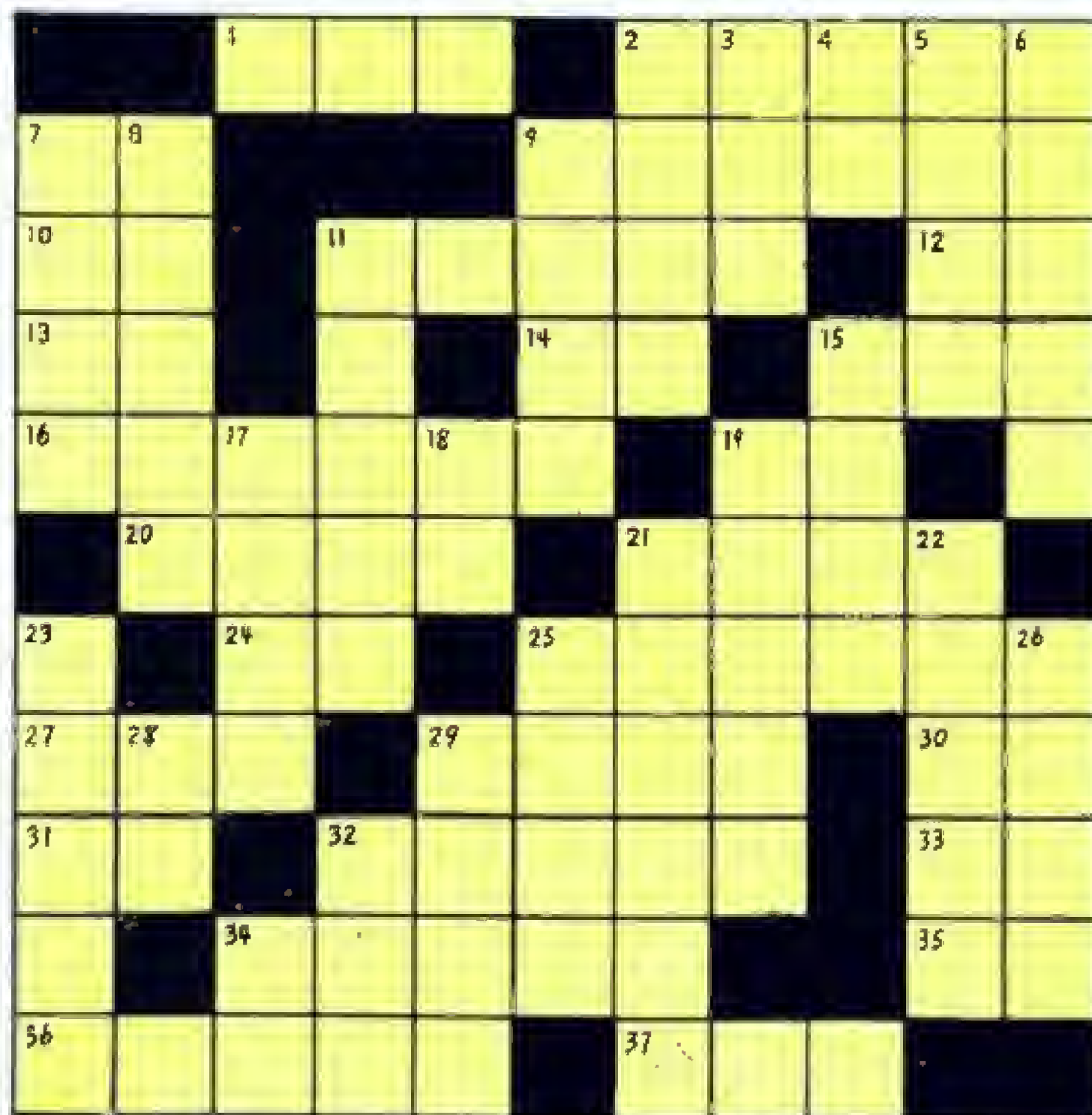


WORDS READING ACROSS

1. The opposite of little—the kind of hub on a good coaster brake.
2. What telephone wires are held up by.
7. Abbreviation for Louisiana.
9. The bicycle coaster brake that's been famous for 40 years.
10. French or Latin for "and" (ask your big brother or sister).
11. The most important part of a bike (ask your mother or dad)!
12. What you want a bike to do (and how!)
13. The nickname of a boy named Albert.
14. You and I.
15. An automobile.
16. How you travel when the path is clear and you've the world's best brake.
19. A common title for Father.
20. A cabin without some of its walls.
21. Opposite of whole—a portion.
24. Little word usually used with "either".
25. Greatest builder of automobile brakes, also world's best bike coaster brake.
27. The word poets sometimes use, meaning the opposite of "close".
29. The green "outsides" that peas grow in.
30. Prefix meaning "formerly", used when speaking of a man who used to be president or governor or champion.
31. First-person-singular of verb "to be".
32. To draw up troops in the order of battle or to dress impressively.
33. The two letters at the beginning of a doctor's prescription blank.
34. Wicker basket carried by fishermen.
35. Spanish word for "yes"—first word of the chorus of "Penny Sereenade".
36. Delicious.
37. Any boy.

WORDS READING DOWN

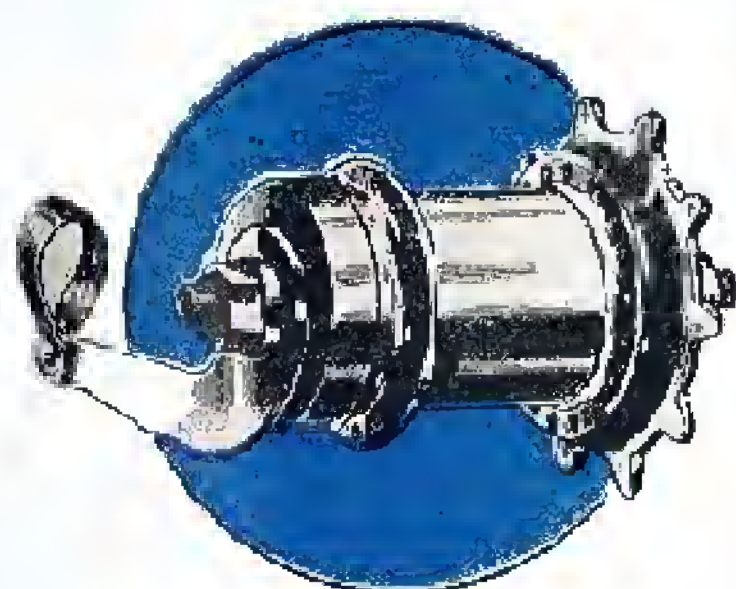
2. To jab or prod with a stick.
3. Rock or earth with metal in it, as it is dug from a mine.
4. What your father writes after his name, if you are named after him.
5. Mantle or cloak Roman senators used to wear. (See big brother or sister again.)
6. Soldier's weapon not much used now.
7. The part of a tree that usually falls off in Autumn.
8. Big book of maps—also the giant of Greek mythology supposed to have held up the world on his shoulders.



9. Last half of the name of a famous college for women.
11. A dog that seizes you with its teeth.
15. A piece of pasteboard.
17. Footwear—also a bronze part of the world's best bicycle coaster brake.
18. A nickname for a boy named Edward.
19. A flower—also slang for "sissy".
21. There's a pair of these on every bicycle—push back on them and you will stop quickly with the world's best coaster brake.
22. Rows of things, like seats in a stadium or packages on shelves.
23. What you do when you stop pedaling your bike—and do it longer with the world's best brake.
25. What you do with a drill—also what people who talk too much do to you.
26. Roman numerals (Remember—IVXLCDM?) which tell you the number of ball bearings in the world's best coaster brake—more than any other.
28. Abbreviation for afternoon.
29. Any animal seized by another for food.
32. Cool pictures, statues or music—also a boy's nickname.
34. Abbreviation for Christian Science.

FILL in the correct words neatly and send this puzzle in to us for your **FREE** bicycle pennant—makes your bike look snappy—looks fine on the wall of your room too. And when you get a new bike, remember to make sure it has the world's finest coaster brake—the famous one that's named in the puzzle. Address—

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION Elmira, New York



Be the Winner on Every Hill

with

Flexible Flyer

SLEDS and SKIS



If you want to be the envy of all your friends, just show up on your favorite hill with a Flexible Flyer Sled—or Flexible Flyer Skis. Everybody knows they're the fastest things on snow. Ask Mother or Dad! They'll remember that Flexible Flyer was the leader in every race when they were your age.

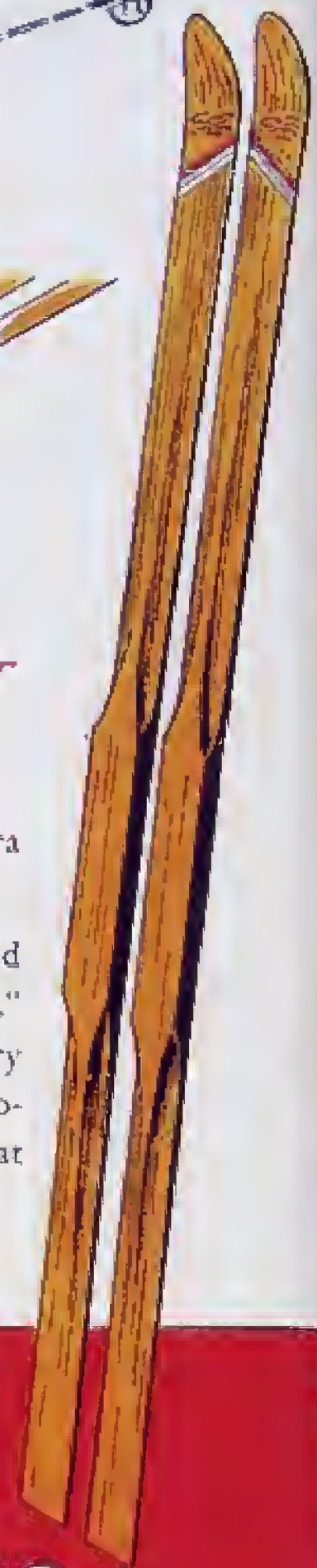
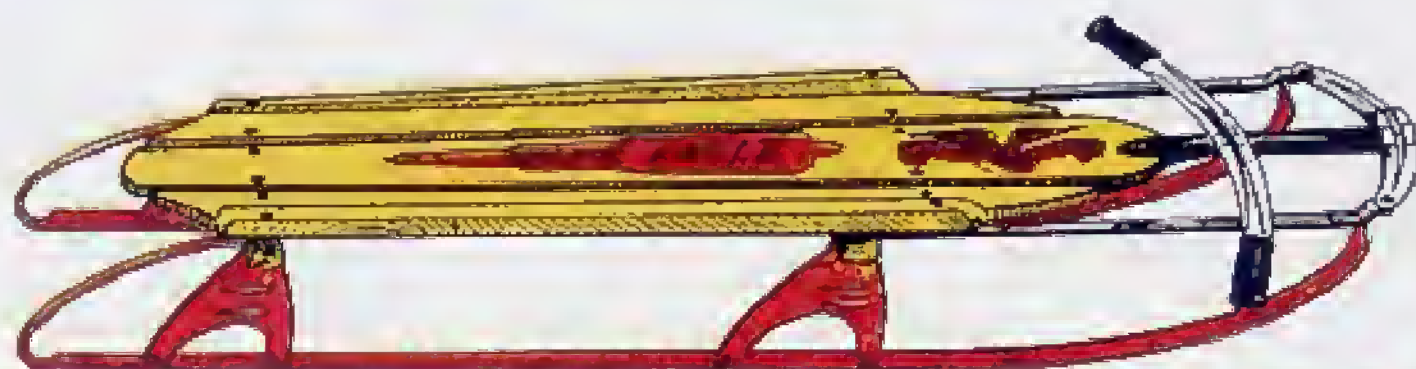
Be Sure They Know IT'S *Flexible Flyer* that YOU WANT

Whether it's a sled or skis you want, be sure that everyone (including Santa Claus) knows that the kind you want most of all is Flexible Flyer. Flexible Flyer Sleds give you Super-Steering with twice the turning range of other sleds. Flexible Flyer's Safety-Airline runners do

away with sharp ends. They're extra safe and extra speedy.

When it comes to Skis—well—world famous skiers say they're "tops." Flexible Flyer Skis are made in every size from tiny "beginners" to professionals. Be sure to see them at your favorite store.

USE THE
COUPON



TOM DECIDES TO JOIN THE SURE SLEDDERS



USE THIS COUPON TO JOIN THE FLEXIBLE FLYER SURE SLEDDERS

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GET YOUR PIN FREE
NOTHING TO BUY



SLEDS and SKIS

S. L. ALLEN & CO., INC., 409 Glenwood Ave., Phila., Pa.
Gentlemen: Please send me my membership card and Sure Sledders Pin. I promise to keep the Sure Sledders Safety Rules.

My Name is _____

Address _____

City & State _____